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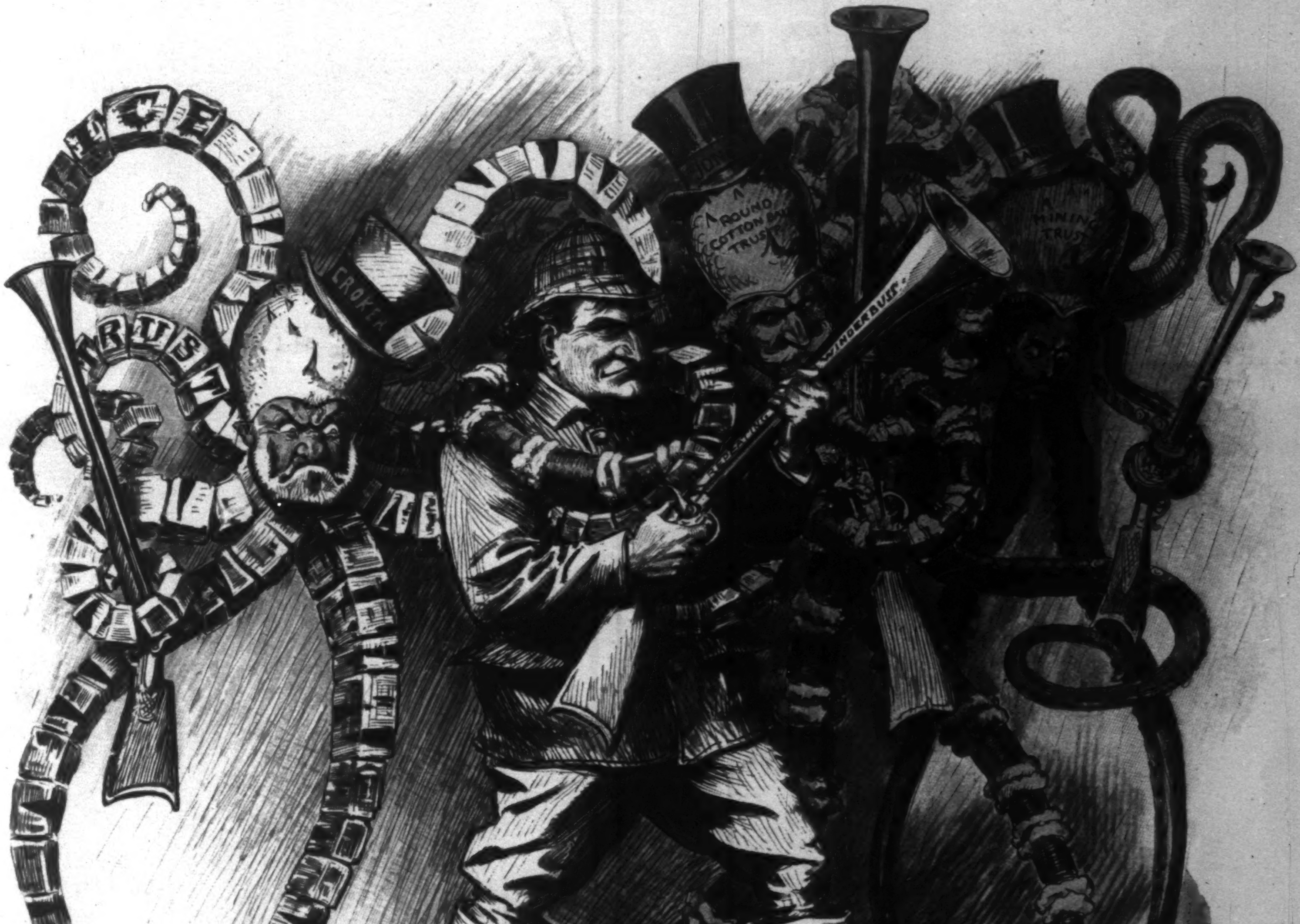
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK OCTOBER 6 : 1900



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Vol. XLIV. No. 2285
HARPER'S WEEKLY
October 6 1900

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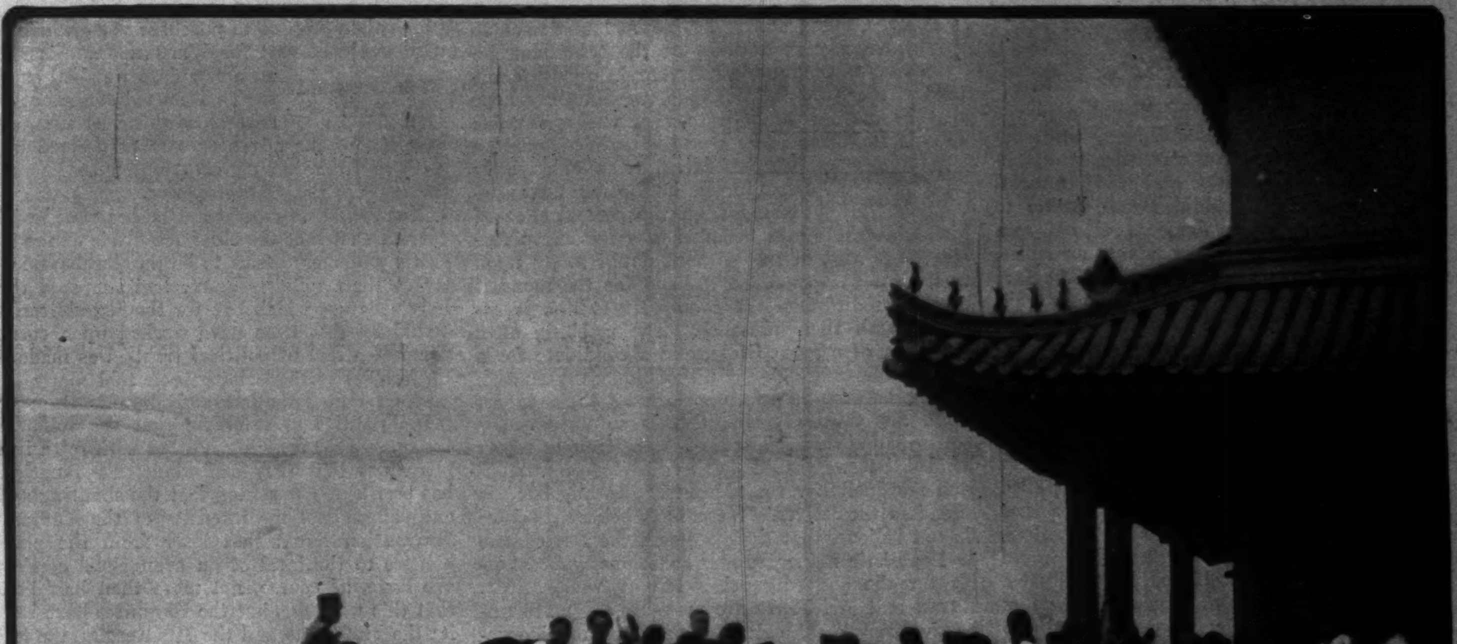

THE EAST GATE OF PEKING.

CHINESE APPLYING TO THE JAPANESE GUARD FOR PASSES TO ADMIT THEM WITHIN THE CITY WALLS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

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A Suggestion for Mr. Bryan

It is astonishing that so intelligent a person as Mr. William Jennings Bryan, while inciting the country into a condition of discontent because of trusts and the Imperial tendencies of this republic, should prefer to base his arguments upon figments of his own imagination rather than upon concrete examples, which exist in the plain sight of man. The fact that advocates of one side or the other of an abstract question frequently employ the expedient of first building up a man of straw to be subsequently demolished by the torrential force of their eloquence is no excuse for Mr. Bryan or his imitators. Indeed it is undeniable that this method of argument is a confession of weakness. The real thing not being available, it becomes necessary to construct an imaginary thing, later to be pulled to pieces; and it almost invariably happens that while the imitation is very easy to destroy, it is, merely because it is purely imaginary, far more horrible than the thing itself could possibly be. Men who illustrate stories of mystery know this to be true, and that is why the real artist who is called upon to elucidate with his pictures certain situations in a narrative of ghostly adventure rarely attempts to place upon canvas the visitant who is the more horrible when left to the imagination. When, however, there is a tangible reality which surpasses in horror that which is introduced to try the nerves of the reader or convince the conscience of the juror, neither the artist nor the advocate hesitates to limn it in all its horrid details, to present the fact which is more awful than the fiction. Viewed in this light, Mr. Bryan's recent efforts, together with those of Mr. Bourke Cockran and the timid souls of the Liberty Convention, are neither artistic, nor calculated to appeal with any degree of convincing force to those who regard controversy as a science, to whom a debate should be governed by rules as hard and fast as those which prevail in a well-regulated prize-ring.

It is inconceivably strange that Mr. Bryan and his orators, if they are really sincere in their denunciation of Imperialism and the trusts, should spend their time and waste their eloquence upon the imaginary despot McKinley, when in the very centre of their camp is enshrined in autocratic power the most Imperial figure of modern political life, Mr Richard Croker; should grow breathless with their fulminations against the trust, when the most vitally important factor of their party organization is the trust which traffics not in oil, in sugar, in iron, in bread, butter, or strong drink, but in the bodies and souls and consciences of human beings. There may be certain hard conditions brought upon the public by the magnates who by reason of large aggregations of capital are able to control the markets of the world; and it is quite possible that restrictions of one kind or another upon these may some day appear to be advisable; but in the working of sheer iniquity, in the promotion of corruption, in the oppression and moral degradation of men who, left to themselves, might be uplifted to a higher plane than that which they now occupy, the Tammany Voting Trust of New York, upon which Mr. Bryan is relying for the votes with which alone he may hope to carry the Empire State, bears away the palm from all others.

In bygone days temperance orators, dilating upon the horrors of drink, used to take with them on their tours for the purposes of exhibition on the platform certain broken and besotted individuals, who were held up as "dreadful examples." We would suggest to Mr. Bryan that in his crusade against Imperialism and the trusts he would be far more convincing in his arguments if he could induce Mr. Richard Croker to join him on tour. As a dreadful example perhaps Mr. Croker would not do, for he is neither broken nor besotted. But as the shining exponent of American Imperialism, and as the very embodiment of the iniquity of the trust, he would prove the conspicuous "success" that he has always been; and if he could be persuaded to stand before the vast audiences which invariably greet Mr. Bryan when he appears in public, and state as plainly and as simply as he knows how his code of morals, we have no doubt that the Antagonist of Imperialism and Trusts would win a victory far beyond his most cherished dreams.

In Richard Croker are embodied the supreme of Imperialism and the acme of trusts.

The Affair at Victor

If Mr. Croker should be inclined to demur to this suggestion because of the treatment accorded to Governor Roosevelt in certain quarters of the State of Colorado, we sincerely hope that he may be brought to view the regrettable episode at Victor in its true light. We should be sorry if Mr. Croker, or anybody else in this land of ours, was deterred from the performance of his plain duty by the behavior of a few irresponsible thugs who, acting without doubt solely upon their own "responsibility," have for the moment cast discredit upon the community which is afflicted with their presence. The mobbing of a Governor of a great State, and a candidate for a high public office, by a set of ignorant ruffians simply because he ventures among them to set forth his political principles, is so untoward a performance that it cannot be too strongly reprehended, but we should think twice before attributing responsibility for the outrage to any but the offenders themselves. We cannot believe, and we do not believe, that there rests in the Democratic or Populistic managers any conscious responsibility for the cowardly exhibition at Victor. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Jones are probably far more unhappy over the incident than Governor Roosevelt, and there is little doubt in our mind that if any really responsible committee-man or politician in Colorado could be convicted of having arranged the somewhat dramatic climax to the Governor's visit, the displeasure of headquarters would be manifested in no uncertain way, and in short order. The fact probably is that the whole fracas was but a drunken ebullition which is as liable to break out in one part of the country as in another at any time when feelings are wrought up to a point so tense, and liquor is so free, that something which the respectable element of the community is powerless to prevent is bound to happen. So, when we come to place the blame for the outbreak, we should be careful to wreak no injustice by a hasty conclusion that the Populistic and Democratic managers consciously arranged the whole matter beforehand. It is far more comfortable to believe otherwise, and the conductors of Mr. Bryan's campaign in Colorado not being absolute fools politically, to believe otherwise is probably in strict accord with the exact facts.

The Real Responsibility

As a matter of fact, the real responsibility for the incident is to be found in the principles of Populism rather than upon the shoulders of the individuals who represent Mr. Bryan in the State of Colorado. The outbreak of which Theodore Roosevelt was the target, happily not the victim, is the natural result of the Anarchic doctrines enunciated by the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, now advocated, as of yore, by John P. Altgeld, of Illinois, and Benjamin R. Tillman, of South Carolina, and recently swallowed by the Hon. Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, and the Hon. Carl Schurz, of Lake George. We have already proven in the columns of this periodical that the principles of the nondescript party of which Mr. Bryan is the leader are subversive of law and destructive of order. We have shown that that party is an advocate of a scuttled court, and Governor Roosevelt himself has intimated that cowardice is one of its cardinal "virtues." The mainspring of any mob is cowardice, and its only hope of escaping ultimate retribution lies in the emasculation of the institutions through which alone law may be enforced and order may be maintained. That in a nation of over seventy-five millions of people the persistent preachment of these pernicious principles has resulted in but one outbreak of this nature is as much a matter of surprise as for congratulation. That it was met successfully and suppressed promptly by the elements of decency in the community in which it occurred is a hopeful indication of the real temper of the American people. Bryanism in the abstract may appeal strongly to many otherwise intelligent minds. The concrete exhibition thereof they hold in contempt, and, as occasion arises, quell with commendable promptness and despatch.

Deplorable as the incident may be, it is perhaps not without value as an object-lesson. If it shall serve to show the voters of this nation the true nature of Bryanism it will have served a purpose far and away beyond the most sanguine dreams of its instigators.

The Corruption Fund

The astute gentlemen who are running Mr. Bryan's campaign have unearthed the startling fact that the Republicans are in possession of a corruption fund of $25,000,000, with which they propose to purchase votes which otherwise would be cast for William Jennings Bryan. In a few days we shall expect to see an itemized statement of the sources of this vast sum, as well as a list of the advantages to be derived by subscribers from having contributed so liberally to the cause of the party in power.

Meanwhile we cannot but be impressed with the curious fact that the chief solicitude of the Democratic managers seems to be the purchasable quality of their followers. We had supposed the unholy alliance, which but for the Republican party would by this time have worked up a corner in parties—a sort of political trust—was made up of incorruptibles. We have been told many a time and oft that Populism and Bryanism are not so much politics as religion; that the followers of these are so thoroughly imbued with faith in their principles that they are admittedly fanatics. It has been openly asserted that the shouting and the enthusiasm and the intensity of the Kansas City Convention lifted that body from the plane of politics to the level of an evangelical conference. We have, of course, not more than half believed that this was true, but the Bryanites have believed it; the McGuires and the McCarrens, the Stones and the Richardsons, the Olneys and the Schurzs, have believed it, else long before this they would have come down out of the clouds and prated less of their "faith" than of the real principles by which honorable and law-abiding communities are governed. To discover at this late hour of the campaign that by means of money the wicked heretics who question Bryanism, and who subject its teachings to the higher criticism, may convert the true believers to the cause of heresy and schism is a revelation too awful to contemplate.

Is it possible that gold is, after all, so tempting to the silverite that he will barter his conscience to get it?

The Galveston Sufferers

There was never a time in the history of our country when the kindly offices and tender sympathies of a generous-hearted people were more worthily enlisted than at the present, when the piteous cry for succor of homeless and orphaned children has come up to us out of the South. Now that the first shock of the awful visitation by which Galveston was overwhelmed has passed away, our chiefest care and tenderest solicitude should be for the living. The dead are gone. The living remain to suffer the privations of hunger, cold, and other hardships of their dread condition, which it is our duty to relieve to the fullest measure in our power. The unhappy little ones stand in especial and immediate need. Much has been done for them. More yet remains to be done. Every man, woman, and child in this broad and bountiful land of ours is confronted not only by a duty, but by a blessed opportunity for the performance of a generous deed, a like privilege to which has rarely if ever before been accorded. The response should be large and immediate, and, unless we very much misjudge the temper of the American people, it surely will be.

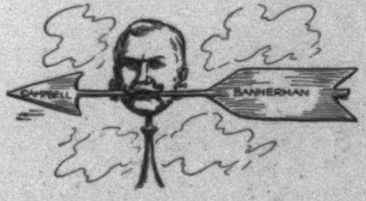
The BRITISH GENERAL ELECTION

By ARNOLD WHITE

THE ant-heaps of party teem with life. General Election is in the air. Of all the dissolutions of Parliament that have taken place since Queen Victoria reigned, the coming appeal to the people is the most important, because for the first time the party system has broken down. After William of Orange gave his Dutch hand to Queen Mary the British ship of state has required twin screws to work it properly. Two parties are indispensable. It is for this reason that the House of Commons has two lobbies and two only. If the House of Commons had only been semicircular in form, so as to allow of shades of opinion and the group system, it is probable that the history of England during the last two hundred years would have presented an interesting contrast to the records which are actually contained in the Annual Register. The influence of party on public affairs is too well understood in the United States to render any comment necessary as to its effects on administrative efficiency. The party system, however, which has roughly done its work for rather more than two centuries, has now entirely broken down so far as regards its power for good, while its power for evil has remained untouched. The party system in England has broken down so far as regards its good side because the pivot theory of party is that an incapable or unpopular ministry can always be replaced by vigilant and capable rivals who are prepared to undertake the responsibility of administering the affairs of state. Her Majesty's Opposition at the present time is composed of warring and vociferous groups of politicians who hate one another more than they hate the government; they are divided on every conceivable subject under the sun, and are, therefore, unable to unite even for the purpose of forming a government. At one of the latest divisions on a critical question of foreign policy in the House of Commons one-third of the Opposition voted for the government, one-third voted against the government, and the remaining third abstained from voting at all, ostentatiously walking out of the House of Commons in order to avoid the expression of a definite opinion. Never was the necessity for recording a categorical expression of opinion on the policy of the ministry more inconvenient to an Opposition. The leader of the Opposition, being unable to walk in opposite directions at the same time, is torn by conflicting emotions. Fortunately for himself he has a double-barrelled name, and while Campbell has a sneaking admiration for the government, Bannerman is resolutely opposed to their South-African policy. The whole of him — Sir Henry Campbell - Bannerman—finding himself pulled in opposite directions by equal forces, remains, like Mahomet's coffin, in mid-air, and thence appeals to the loyalty of his followers through the vocabulary of the great Liberal party, the principles of which, for the time being, are mislaid.

Loses every Game played with Russia.

Since the functions of the Opposition are suspended, the man in the street is puzzled. Distrusting Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his quarrelsome supporters, he is by no means enamoured with the policy



The Leader of the Opposition.

of drift and inaction which has inspired Lord Salisbury's ministry. He thinks that a war which has already cost 40,000 lives and £71,000,000 sterling might have been done for less, and he thinks it quite on the cards that a few more wars are waiting round the corner. He has not even a choice between a party that is untrustworthy and one that is not to be trusted. There is only one way out of the difficulty, and an exceedingly interesting situation will be created before that difficulty is solved. The cleverest electioneerer in England is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, irreverently described as "Joe" not only by Mr. Labouchere, but universally referred to in the House of Commons by that familiar cognomen. Now Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is as well acquainted with the number of beans that make five as any human being now alive. He has, accordingly, contrived, with extraordinary skill and apparently with perfect success, that the appeal to the people shall be taken on South Africa—an issue which is not only already decided by Lord Roberts's proclamation, but is one upon which there is practically no substantial difference of opinion. The real issue of the General Election is one upon which the nation is split irrevocably in two—namely, the question as to the inefficiency of the public service and whether it shall be remedied by drastic democratic measures. The ostensible issue of the General Election is whether Krugerism is to be squelched by the annexation of the two republics. That is, as I said, already decided. When Mr. Kruger found it convenient to invade Natal he plumped for his country's annexation to Great Britain. This question of annexation does not depend on Mr. Chamberlain. It is part of a world-movement. The invasion of Natal crystallized the Empire, brought the colonials' Greater Britain into the field, and the united Empire demands the suppression of the republics. Not only is Mr. Chamberlain not the author of annexation, but if he endeavored to prevent it he could not do so. It is settled by forces beyond his control. He is the instrument of the annexation policy, and adroitly makes it the issue of the General Election. This is wise, since the real issue is one that will rive parties asunder and divide households, because it is nothing less than a social revolution if efficiency were to be made the first condition of public employment. If it is not, the British party system is doomed along with the Empire. Lord Salisbury, in one of those melancholy monologues in which he confides to his fellow-subjects his gloomy anticipations as to the future of our island and our race, declared that "the British Constitution as at present worked was not a good fighting-machine." He might have said that it was not a good diplomatic machine, or a good letter-distributing machine, or a good machine for controlling the finances of an Empire, or for defending its shores by naval and military organization, or a good administrative machine of any kind. Every one knows this. The man in the new Twopenny Tube talks to his neighbor of government inefficiency. It is the only thing that is seriously discussed in politics, since there are no two policies in regard to Africa, and yet we are going to fight a General Election upon an issue on which nobody except professors and professional agitators are at variance with the main body of the people; while the one question that concerns the bread and cheese and kisses of fifty million people, namely, administrative efficiency, is left untouched—thanks to the party system.

The way in which candidates for Parliament are chosen by no means tallies with the virtuous theory that is supposed to govern popular representation. At the headquarters of the political associations belonging to the Conservative, Liberal Unionist, and Liberal parties are lists of people who desire seats in Parliament. When a borough or county constituency is unable to find a local candidate the general custom is to apply to the London headquarters of the party for the missing man. If the seat is a desirable one—that is to say, if there is a reasonable chance of winning it—it is as a rule given either to the relation or friend of a minister or political personage, or to a rich man willing to subscribe largely to the funds of the party. Here and there an exception is made. For instance, it is considered highly desirable, both by the Conservative and Liberal Unionist wings of the ministerial party, to attack Mr. Labouchere's seat at Northampton, and if possible secure the defeat of the apostle of Little Englandism at the polls. Mr.

The Policy of Inaction.

Labouchere's colleague in the representation of Northampton is, however, a Tory, and accordingly the Tory party claim the nomination of the candidate for the second Northampton seat. Their candidate is a man unsuited for the task of grappling with the clever and witty editor of *Truth*, who fears neither God nor man. I understand, therefore, that negotiations are proceeding in order to enable a qualified champion of the government to fight Mr. Labouchere on his own ground.

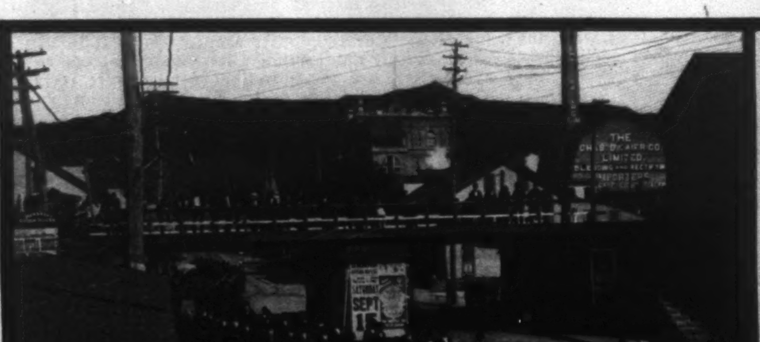
The party system is responsible for curious anomalies at the General Election. At Newcastle, for example, the home of the Newcastle Programme, one of the Radical candidates is Captain the Honorable Hedworth Lambton, brother of the Earl of Durham. Captain Lambton was the man who brought the naval guns into Ladysmith, and practically saved Sir George White from repeating Cornwallis's experience at Yorktown. Captain Lambton is not a Home Ruler. He is in favor of the Crimes Act remaining on the Statute Book, and he is in favor of the annexation of the Dutch republics. His colleague, Mr. Samuel Story, is bitterly hostile to these principles. Nevertheless, Captain Lambton, whose political views are indistinguishable from Unionism, declares that the issue of the coming General Election is whether the present government, who drifted unpreparedly into war, are fit to be trusted with the management of the affairs of the British Empire.

Lord Rosebery's position is a curious one. He is understood to meditate a return to political life by intervening in the discussion of foreign affairs. If Lord Rosebery carries out his intention there is reason to believe that his criticism of Lord Salisbury's surrender of British interests in China will successfully rattle the dry bones of party. Wars are no longer made for dynastic or religious reasons. Material interests, which is only another name for roast meat and bread and butter, are the objective of all future wars in which England takes part. We have had an object-lesson in the loss of the Madagascar trade notwithstanding solemn treaties with France. Lord Salisbury was forgiven because, after all, the Madagascar trade was only a little one. But the China trade forms a considerable fraction of British interests abroad, and supports many thousands of English working-men and their families. The question of struggling for this trade, therefore, is not a political question in the sense that it does not depend upon any politician as to whether or not we shall fight for it. England will be compelled to fight for the China trade rather than lose it for the simple reason that human nature refuses to starve until it has struck a blow for bread and butter. Our agriculture supplies only one loaf in six. To buy the other five loaves we need the trade of which China contributes a considerable fraction. Lord Salisbury's passion for peace is sincere enough, but he is too little in contact with his fellow-subjects to understand the intense bitterness with which they watch the evaporation of British influence in the Far East. Our action in China to-day is that of the inquiring person who presents his thumb to the circular saw to see if it is going round. The man in the street dislikes seeing his rulers lose every game played with Russia, and accordingly the General Election is more likely to be followed by a disruption inside the Unionist ranks than by a defeat of the government at the polls. Lord Rosebery perceives these facts more clearly than any other English statesman, and it is not improbable that his foresight will restore him to office and power, a conjunction of which he has hitherto enjoyed no experience.

THE TWELFTH REGIMENT N. G. P. AT SHENANDOAH.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GOBIN, N. G. P.,
In Command of the Troops at Shenandoah.

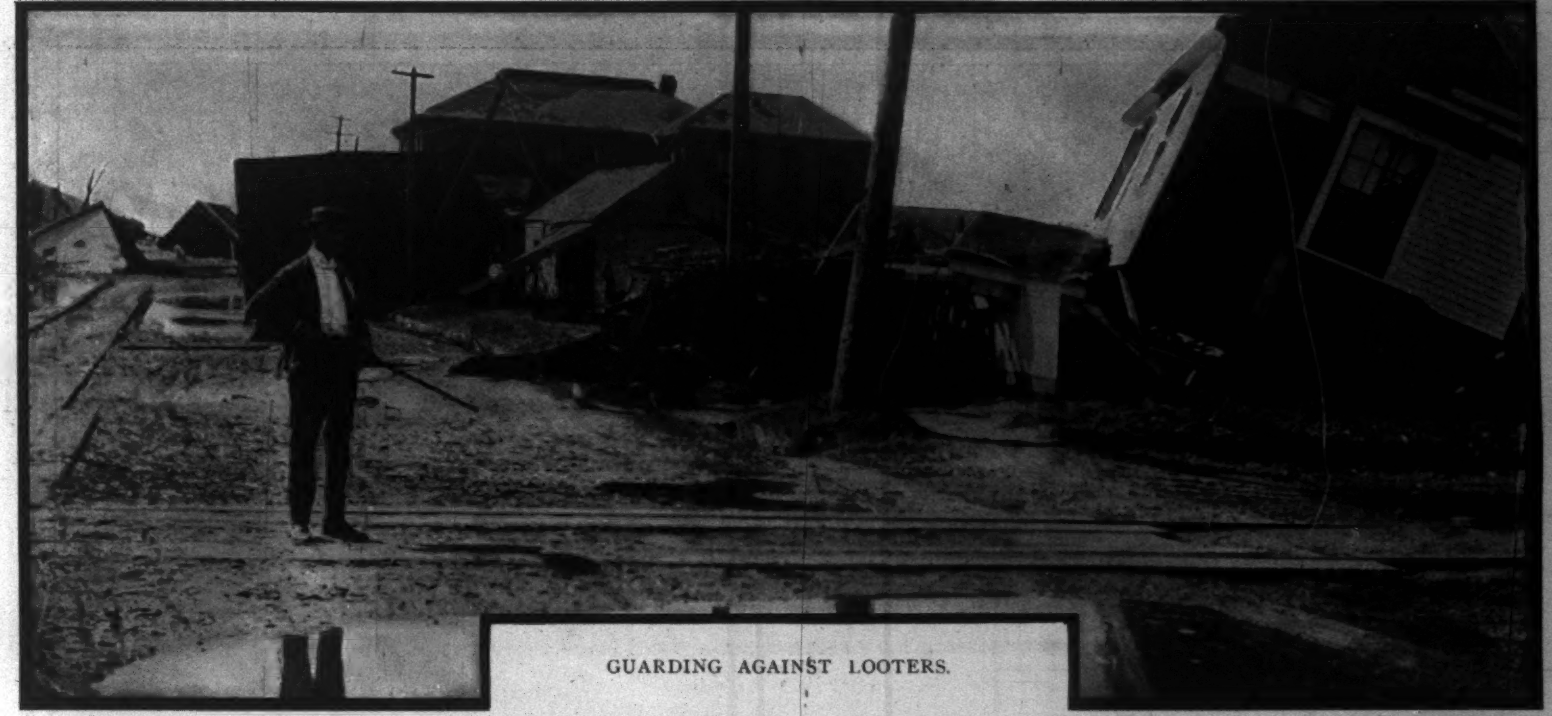
PRESIDENT MITCHELL, OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS, AND HIS STAFF AT HAZLETON.



A PARADE OF TWO THOUSAND STRIKERS AT MAHANOY CITY.

A MEETING OF STRIKERS AT LATIMER.

THE STRIKE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL-MINERS.



GUARDING AGAINST LOOTERS.

Galveston—What It Was, and What It Will Be

THE storm which ravaged Galveston, decimating its population and destroying its homes and business houses, was in all respects the most severe that ever swept American shores. For several days after the disaster the people were dazed and dumfounded, knowing not which way to turn nor what to do. Everything was in a chaotic condition. It was heard on the shattered streets of the city and echoed throughout the country that the destruction of Galveston was complete and permanent. The island had been isolated by the destruction of all means of wire and railroad communication, and the very atmosphere seemed weighted down with despair. No American city had ever recovered from such a disaster, because no American city had ever suffered such a disaster. It was not long, however, before the stricken people learned how profoundly their misfortune had stirred the heart of humanity, and they felt that, after all, it might be possible to retrieve at least their property losses and rebuild the city. A number of citizens with indomitable spirit and hearts of gold met and canvassed the situation. They agreed that the disaster had been appalling and that the city had reached a crisis in its career, but they believed that after the first shock of the calamity had passed and order had been restored, the spirit of the people would be manifested in no uncertain way, and that their unanimous sentiment would be to stand by the city and rebuild it upon a more substantial basis. Words of good cheer came from all parts of the State of Texas and from all parts of the Union. The great financial and commercial organizations of the business centres, the press, the pulpit, and investors without exception spoke for a new and greater Galveston. The encouragement offered was in many instances substantial.

The great corporations which control the wharves, railroads, telegraph, and other public utilities were heard from, and it was stated that they intended to restore their properties on a more enduring basis. Then it was that the citizens determined to do their part in the work of restoration. Their sentiment, so aptly expressed in the editorial columns of the Galveston *News*, was, "Galveston will rise again."

With zeal undaunted, the work of burying the dead, removing débris, and disinfecting the city was undertaken; thousands were engaged in repairing wharves, railroads, street railway, telegraph, and telephone lines, water-works, and electric-light plants. Before many days had elapsed, wire communication with the mainland was restored, temporary repairs were made at the water-works, railroads were bringing freight across the bay to the island, banks announced ready for business, merchants notified their customers in the interior that they were ready to fill orders, ships were loading grain from the elevators and cotton from barges in mid-stream. On every side there was apparent a determination to resume business, and this determination was accompanied by quickened energies and coherent efforts.

Galveston cannot die, because its existence is a logical commercial necessity. It is a natural outlet for trade, and has tributary to it a vast area of the most productive section of the Union. The State of Texas, of which Galveston is the chief seaport, has an area of 274,000 square miles, and produces one-third of the cotton crop of the United States. Besides cotton, grain, lumber, wool, live-stock, cotton by-products, petroleum, hides, and other exportable products are produced in large quantities. When the first census of Texas was taken in 1850, its population was 250,000, and its rank was twenty-seventh among the States. It is believed that at present the population of the State is 3,600,000, and that it ranks fifth. All of the industries of the State are in a highly prosperous condition, the population is increasing rapidly, and the almost unlimited resources are being constantly and actively developed. It is conceded that Texas is still in its infancy, considering the vast amount of latent natural wealth within its borders. It has been estimated that the resources of the State are sufficient to support in comfort a population of 50,000,000 people. The future of Galveston is just as secure as the future of the State of Texas, and as the State develops Galveston will grow and prosper, for it is through Galveston that the products of the State must pass to reach the markets of the world. But Galveston draws traffic from a much larger territory than Texas. The great grain belt of the trans-Mississippi region finds its nearest port at Galveston, and it is a fact that when the disastrous storm came Galveston was the second grain-shipping port of the country. Her exports for the commercial year ending August 31 were valued at $86,376,486, and the total foreign and coastwise business was $219,646,442.

This vast volume of traffic cannot profitably seek another outlet. Galveston still has the railroad facilities, harbor accommodations, and shipping that she had before, and the traffic will continue seaward through her gates as before. This traffic, constantly increasing, will require, as heretofore, thousands of men, and men will not be found wanting to accept the lucrative employment thus offered. These men will build homes and make the city as fair and beautiful as it was before the destructive storm of September 8. The economic causes that made Galveston the fourth general export port of the country still exist, and will work steadily towards rehabilitation and the restoration of her commerce. More than this, there seems to be scarcely a limit to Galveston's development as a port. A civil engineer of the highest reputation, who has devoted twenty-five years to engineering work on the waterways of Texas, shows the entire linear front of the Galveston channel available for wharfage purposes to be 50,150 feet, or about nine and a half miles, exclusive of 16,000 feet of Pelican flats. The aggregate of all wharf frontage at Galveston exceeds that of New York.

According to Captain Riche, United States engineer in charge of the Texas coast district, the unimproved area between harbor lines and mean low tide shore line, Galveston harbor, exclusive of government reservations, aggregates nearly 5000 acres.

The great storm proved that the island is permanent. Water has frequently flowed across it from the Gulf to the bay, but this last tidal wave was a test that easily sets at rest all doubts as to the stability of the island itself. It proved that it is not wise to build a certain class of houses, that buildings of all characters should be substantial in construction, and upon strong foundations. The stronger business houses were practically uninjured by either wind or water, and hundreds of the best residences withstood the shock of the storm without material damage. The erosion of the beach on the east end amounted to less than one hundred acres. With proper buildings a repetition of the destruction of the night of September 8 is hardly possible. Nevertheless, it may be necessary, in order to reassure many people, for the government to undertake other improvements, such, for instance, as a sea-wall running from the end of the south jetty for several miles west. Colonel Robert, Chief United States Corps of Engineers, says that a sea-wall thirteen miles long will give absolute protection against tidal waves. If it is deemed too expensive (it is estimated that such a wall will cost approximately $12,000,000), then Representative Hawley believes that a breakwater, seven miles long, sufficient for protective purposes, can be constructed at a cost of about $1,000,000. That Congress will be disposed to do whatever is necessary to protect the lives and property of Galveston against a recurrence of the recent disaster, and at the same time conserve the vast commercial interests of the great West and Southwest, there can be no doubt. The matter will be laid before Congress at the approaching session, and if prompt action be taken, which is expected, capital will feel secure in making whatever investments the constantly expanding commerce of Galveston may invite.

With the assurance, therefore, of Congressional action to fortify Galveston Island against tidal waves and to develop the harbor facilities in a manner commensurate with the demands of commerce, with the certainty that the great Southern Pacific company will carry to completion the great improvements projected by Collis P. Huntington a year before his death, making Galveston the eastern terminus of that system, as well as the Gulf terminus, which it now is, of the great Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe system of over 9000 miles, which has its Southern Division headquarters and general offices at Galveston; the Gould Southwestern system of Trunk Lines, comprising the Missouri Pacific, St. Louis and Southwestern, International and Great Northern, and the Texas and Pacific railways; the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas system, reaching all Southwestern territory from St. Louis, Hannibal, and Kansas City at the north; the Gulf and Inter-State, draining the pineries and rice sections of eastern Texas and western Louisiana; the principal rivers and waterways of Texas flowing into Galveston Bay—all connecting with the following steamship lines, which served Galveston during the past year in the foreign trade, not to mention several lines, such as the Mallory Line and others, engaged exclusively in coastwise shipping:

Harrison Line, to Liverpool twice monthly all the year round; Booth Line, to Liverpool every twenty days all the year round; Serra Line, to Liverpool; Austro-American Line, to Trieste, Vienna, etc.; Texas Line, to Antwerp, Havre, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, and all European ports; La Flecha Line, to Europe; Gulf Ports Line, to Liverpool; Castle Line, to Antwerp; Hall Steamship Line, to Antwerp; Manchester Line, to Manchester; Larrinaga Line, to Havre, Bremen; Glynn Line, to Hamburg; Texas-Mexican Line, to Liverpool and Manchester; Anchor Line, to Genoa; Palatine Line, to Hamburg; United States and China-Japan Line of Indra steamers, to Japan and China; Munson Line, to Cuba; Watts, Watts, & Co., to Copenhagen; T. B. Boyden steamers; Benemelis Line, to Cuba every two weeks; North German Lloyd Line, to Bremen every two weeks; Elder, Dempster, & Co.'s steamers, to Liverpool and Havre; West India and Pacific Line, to Liverpool; Houston Line, to Liverpool; Magnolia Line, to Bremen, Liverpool, and Havre; Black Star Line, to Liverpool; Serra Line, to Liverpool; Texas Mutual Line, to Europe; Tyzack-Branfoot steamers, to Europe; Forenede Gulf and Baltic Line, to Copenhagen, etc.; Gulf Ports Line, to Liverpool and European ports; Head Line, to Belfast; Texas Transport and Terminal Company, to Liverpool, Havre, Bremen, and Hamburg; Galveston and West Indies Line, to Cuba, West Indies, and South America.

In addition to the above, a great many tramp steamers are chartered every season, and serve the port with facilities for carrying goods to all parts of the world.

With the corporate interests of Galveston restoring their properties, with all the commercial activities of the city engaged in the great work of recuperation, with the people themselves determined to rebuild their homes and make their city great, Galveston's future is assured. During the next few years millions of dollars will be expended in buildings, and this money, expended largely for labor, will bring thousands of people to Galveston. It will give a stimulus to all branches of trade and industry and at the same time conserve the general prosperity. Long before the end of the decade all the scars of the great storm will have been erased and a new and stronger Galveston will replace that so ruthlessly destroyed by the recent storm. Indeed, Galveston is beginning the greatest period of her career, and the clouds of the gloomy present will soon disappear to reveal a future full of hope and promise.

A. H. BELO.

A FILIPINO THEATRE, MANILA.

FREIHERR VON SCHWARZENSTEIN, GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO CHINA

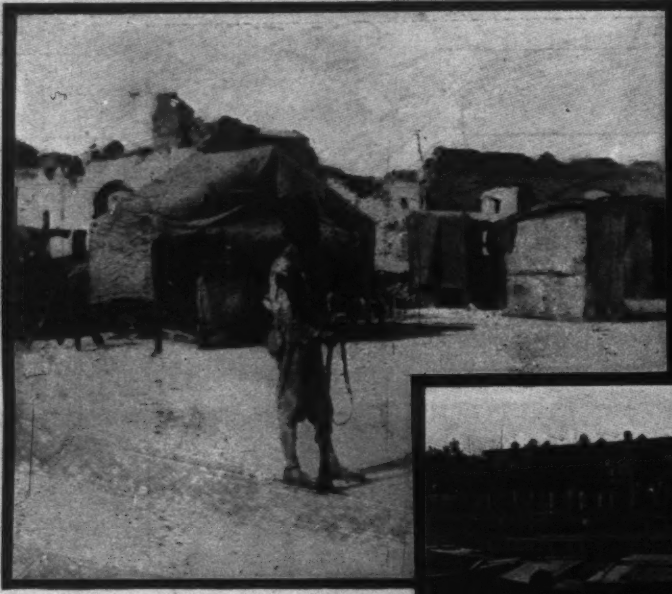
A TRAIN-LOAD OF EAST-INDIAN TROOPS.

TIENTSIN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

ON THE ROAD TO PEKING.

NATIVES LEAVING TIENTSIN.

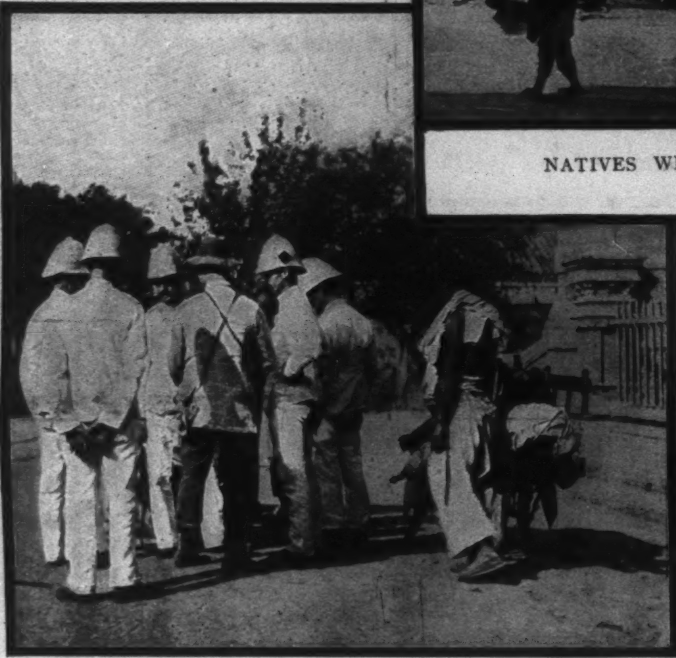
SCENES OF RECENT EVENTS IN CHINA.



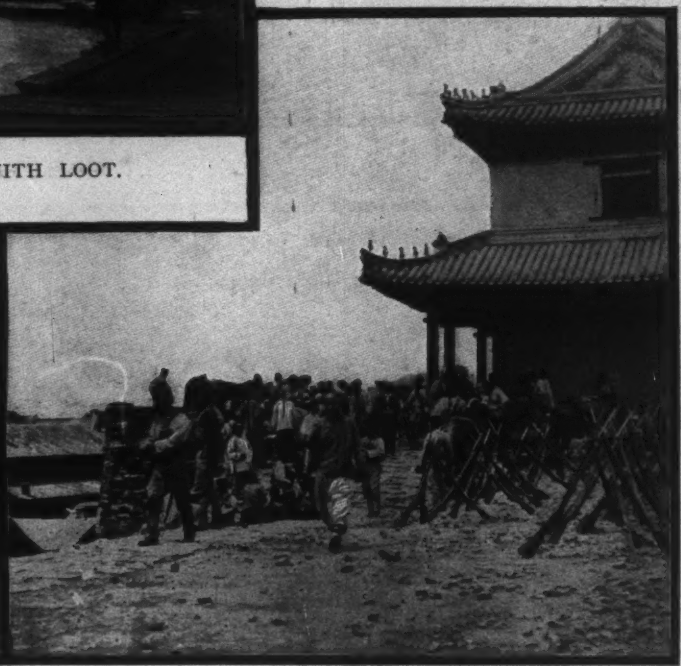
A PATHAN SENTRY.

A SQUAD OF COSSACKS.

NATIVES WITH LOOT.

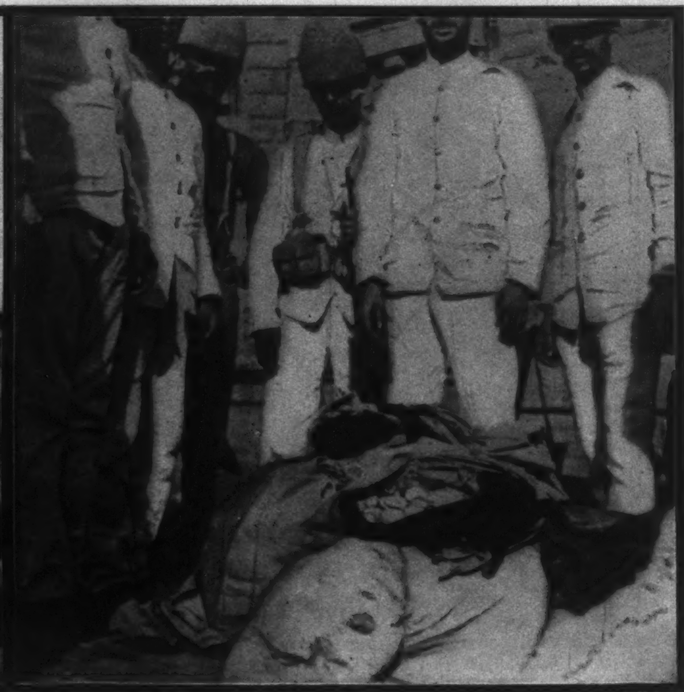


BRITISH GUARDS ARRESTING A CIVILIAN.
This Man had a Wheelbarrow loaded with nearly 10,000 Mexican Dollars.



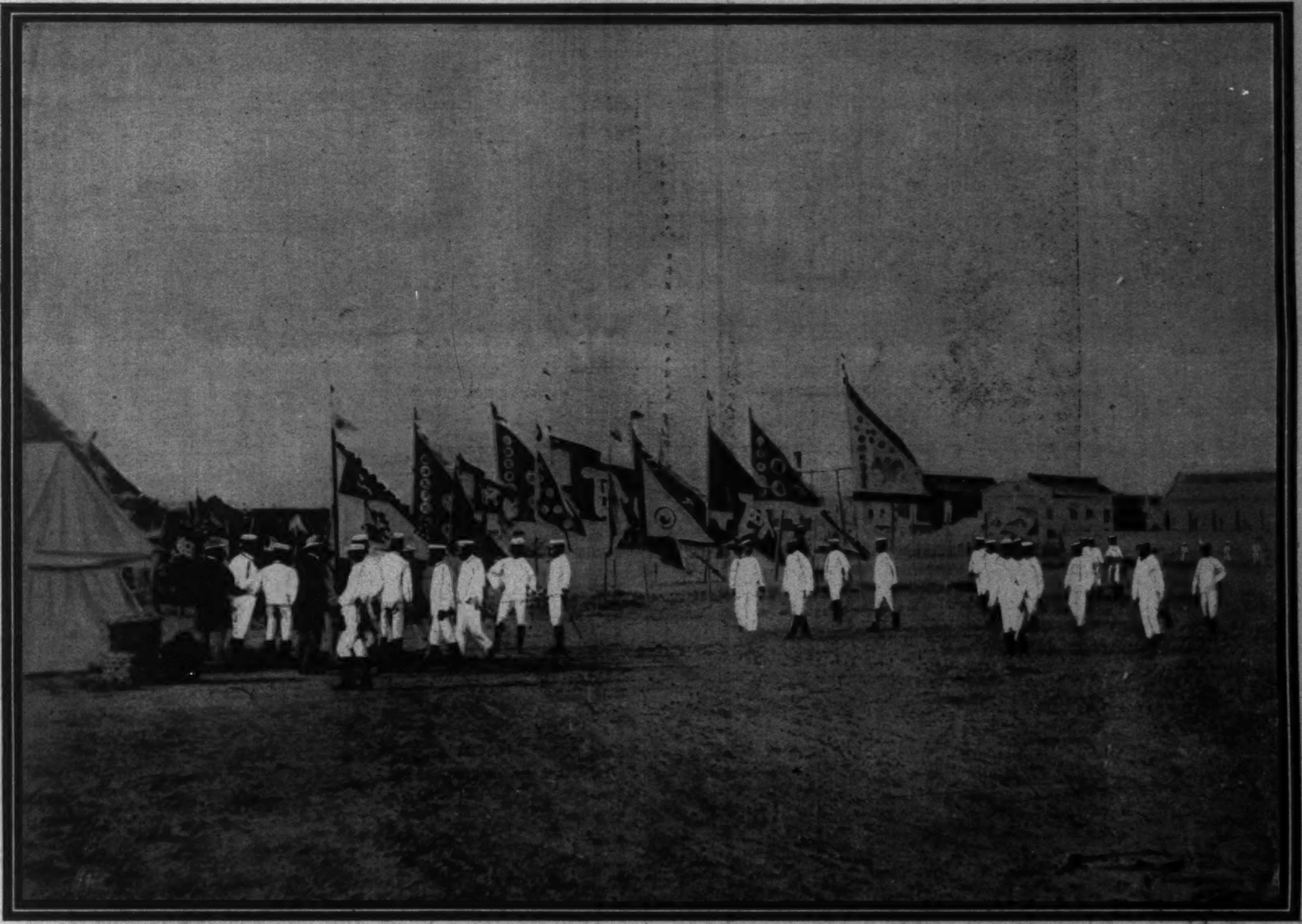
THE JAPANESE GUARD AT THE CITY GATE.

GERMANS LANDING A BIG GUN.



A PILE OF SEIZED LOOT.

TIENTSIN, AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE ALLIED EUROPEAN FORCES.



CAPTURED CHINESE AND BOXER FLAGS DISPLAYED AT THE MILITARY CEREMONY IN HONOR OF THE JAPANESE DEAD, TIENTSIN, JULY 23, 1900.

A JAPANESE MEMORIAL SERVICE

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

TIENTSIN, CHINA, *July 23*.

LATE this afternoon the Japanese held a military ceremony for their dead lost in this war. All the officers of rank now here, and all the troops that have taken part in any of the engagements, joined in the honors to the patriotic little men who have made the last sacrifice for the glory of the Nippon of which they are all so proud.

In a large unoccupied lot in the extra British concession a little wooden temple had been erected. At the proper distance in front the tauri were set up, and from tauri to temple both sides of the way were lined with flags and banners captured from the Chinese. There were many Boxer banners, and some of the Imperial troops, as well as a few smaller flags of the soldiers of the Viceroy and the Salt Commissioner, who took such an active part in the defence of Tientsin. About the temple there were several stands of captured rifles also. Some little trees and flowering bushes stood in front of the temple, and lying about were the various articles of food for the departed spirits—a bullock and some sheep and chickens, bags of rice and baskets of melons, cucumbers, and fresh vegetables.

The troops came out in light marching order, spick and span in clean uniforms. They were massed in close column in the open space in front of the temple, and their officers, except one to a company, joined the group standing with the generals near the temple. It was a clear afternoon, and the bright uniforms with the gay colors of the banners and streamers made a showy scene. Three priests, in the conventional black of the European, but partly hidden with gaudy, tinsel-like kimonos, stood with the generals, of whom there were four—Baron Yamaguchi, the lieutenant-general who has just arrived to take chief command, Major-General Fukushima, who has been in command up to now, and two other major-generals.

When the troops were all formed up, General Fukushima stepped out in front of the temple, made a profound salute to it, and read an address. It was not on the plane of the Gettysburg address, but it was after the same conception. He was doing honor to those who had died for their country, men who conducted themselves bravely and met death heroically. They had served him, as the general commanding, well, but in that they had merely served the empire and the Emperor. That was the loyal duty of every Japanese. Against the need of the empire life was nothing. To do one's duty well, to serve the Emperor faithfully and fully, that was all. For himself, he was sorry such men had to die, but, after all, it was the common lot, and what was finer than to die nobly in a great cause and in the service of the empire? He was proud to have commanded such men. They were an inspiration to the army, which would now go forward to the work before it mindful of their memory, and the better for their example.

When he had finished the address, General Fukushima made another profound salute to the temple and stepped back. One of the priests took his place and began a droning chant. Presently the other two priests joined in. This part of the ceremony did not seem to be especially interesting to the officers. The priests chanted and droned and told their beads, and the officers talked and moved about restlessly, and finally Baron Yamaguchi stepped up beside the priests and made his salute to the dead. The other generals followed and then the crowd of officers. They walked up very gravely to where the long strips of paper with prayers printed on them were fluttering in the breeze from their fastenings among the blossom-tipped bushes. There they stopped and saluted, with eyes fixed for a few seconds intently on the temple. Then they withdrew slowly, and those not of the staff corps rejoined their troops.

Then company by company the men marched up in front of the tauri and presented arms, standing like automatons while their bugles sounded the Japanese taps—a long, jerky call, but still not unmusical. They marched away with perfect precision, and the generals stood about with the other officers and talked until the last of the whole two thousand had gone. All the men who had taken part in the fighting, except guards and fatigues, including even the baggage and ammunition coolies, the stolid little chaps who lead the horses under fire and carry no guns of their own—all these marched by, and the formal ceremony was ended. Then came the fun.

At one side of the field a ring had been built for wrestling. Chairs were brought from headquarters for the four generals. All the rest stood about or sat on the ground. Any soldier or coolie who thought himself a good man stripped into wrestling rig, and in a few minutes the bout was on. It was curious wrestling to a Westerner. All the winner had to do to get his prize was to push the other fellow out of the ring, or get some part of his body to touch the ground. If, in shifting position, one of the wrestlers slipped and touched the earth with his shin, he lost. Instantly on one man being put out another jumped into his place and grappled the winner. It was all catch-as-catch-can. The Japanese enjoyed it immensely, and the generals laughed and applauded as heartily as the baggage coolies in the crowd of spectators. A soldier in a fantastic rig of huge blue print trousers and coat did duty as judge and awarded the prizes. If a man won an individual contest he got a package of cigarettes. If he won in a series, taking all comers for a certain time, he got more cigarettes and a bunch of papers which seemed to be highly prized.

This part of the ceremony attracted as much attention from the men of other nationalities as the formal part at the temple. Especially interested were "them Sikes," as most of the English-speaking men call the big Pathans of the Royal Asiatic Artillery. Several of these men stood looking on near where half a dozen of the Welsh Fusileers were commenting sagely on the foolishness of such wrestling.

"Hi!" said one of the Fusileers to another; "git a Paten, 'e'll give 'em wot for. Come on, let's git a Paten."

They picked out one of the smaller Pathans, but an exceedingly well-built young fellow, and urged him to go into the ring. He was very reluctant, but the Japanese caught the notion, and in two minutes soldiers of half a dozen tongues were at him to go in and wrestle the Japs. At last he stripped. He was a magnificent man, tall, broad across the shoulders, and deep of chest, with legs like the columns of an old bronze statue. The Japanese are short, but they are fine men physically, solidly put together, and well muscled. It was one of the sturdiest of them who chose to be the first antagonist of the Pathan. The Indian was accustomed to wrestling in the style of the West, three points down to make a fall. As the Jap came on he dropped on one knee to receive him. The puzzled Jap turned and left the ring, apparently thinking the Indian did not want to try him. But another took his place and instantly they were at it. The Jap was good, but the Pathan was better. One after another four Japanese went down, and then the stoic-faced Pathan stretched himself out to the full of his long length, and with his right hand and left toes only touching the ground, held himself up, looking around at the Japanese as if in challenge. But none cared to try. For once the Japanese were beaten.

A MUTUAL

AL SURPRISE

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. This, in turn, he transfers to a third person, who wears his hair *à la* Pompadour. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue de Rennes.

CHAPTER VI

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

IT is just ten days since I became General Czareska's guest, to use his own pleasant euphemism. To-morrow is Saturday, July 7, and I should be at Liverpool, ready to go aboard the *Lucania*, the ship being scheduled to sail at ten o'clock in the morning. But I shall not be there, and in consequence I will not be able to report at my desk on Monday, July 16. My chief of the *New World* Review will wonder at my delinquency, and then, after waiting upon me for a reasonable length of time, he will proceed to fill my place. This is what I get for meddling with other people's business.

It may seem incredible that this strange captivity should exist outside of a dream, but, unfortunately, its reality is not to be questioned. I have absolutely no means of communication with the outside world. None of the ordinary hotel servants ever enters our apartments; we are served entirely by the General's own people, and they are incorruptible. Telepathy is a sealed science to me, and Vital or Achille is always at hand to intercept my material messages. I have been offered a certain amount of outside liberty upon the condition of giving my parole, but I do not choose to avail myself of the empty privilege.

And yet, despite the occasional pressure of the steel hand within the velvet glove, my position is not an unpleasant one. The General and I are on excellent terms, especially since it has come out that during our civil war he served for a few months with my dear father, as a volunteer aid on McClellan's staff. He knew Major Cary quite well, and esteemed him highly. As the son of my father I am to command him in everything—that is, in all but one thing.

I have also become quite intimate with the young Chevalier du Midi. He has his own apartments in the hotel, but he dines with us almost every evening; and in the daytime we play billiards; he is also giving me fencing lessons. It is a fine exercise, and, under his tuition, I have already acquired a tolerable degree of proficiency. Upon my word, I do not know what to make of him. It is not easy to forget a certain thing, and yet—well, it is inexplicable!

Of the two ladies I have seen comparatively little. Mrs. Verriker is distantly polite, for she seems to resent my presence here. Can she know that it is involuntary on my part?

Mademoiselle I meet at dinner, and occasionally she so far unbends as to give us a little music in the evenings. She plays the harp beautifully, and sings strange little ballads in some extraordinary foreign tongue whose very name is unknown to me. And now and then we all have a round game at "race-course," with real printed cards of the various events, and accompanied by the most spirited of book-making.

Not once, though, had I caught even a glimpse of the real Irma de Czareska, if, indeed, she be the same woman who on a certain gray day in March turned her back on all the world and looked at me. I wonder if I shall ever know; and then, again, I say to myself that it is better as it is. When my time does come, it will be that much the easier to slip quietly away, and so be done with it all.

For two or three days I have seen hardly anything of either the General or of du Midi. They seem to have important business on hand, and receive many visitors, foreign looking men, who gesticulate with much vehemence, and smoke vast quantities of Egyptian tobacco. Of course I am not invited to join their conferences, and the arrival of a visitor is the signal for my departure to the billiard-room.

Among these gentlemen (of fortune, perhaps) there is one man whom I have run across several times, and whose appearance interests me. I have learned that his name is Coventry—Mr. Arthur Coventry, to be precise—and he is supposed to have some indefinite connection with the French Foreign Office. But, even apart from his name, I am sure that he is English. Mr. Coventry is a fine-looking man of five-and-forty, or thereabouts, and oddly enough I never see him without my mind harking back to "Monsieur Pompadour," of Dover pier. And yet the resemblance is so very general in character as to give me no ground for active speculation; above all, it is lacking in the distinguishing mark of the hair dressed *à la* Pompadour.

Monday July 9.—The General made an extraordinary proposal to me to-day. It seems that there is to be a ball at the Russian Embassy, and Mlle. Czareska wishes to attend it. Of course, Mrs. Verriker will be on duty as a chaperon, but a male escort is also desirable, and both the General and du Midi will be otherwise engaged—perhaps another one of those mysterious conferences. Possibly they will feel more at ease to know that I am unmistakably out of the way; at any rate, the General has asked me if I will oblige him by assuming his place at mademoiselle's side. I will have to give my parole, and it is a necessity that I dislike; in doing so I virtually admit the legitimacy of the duress under which I chafe.

For all that, I have resolved to accept, and I shall not try to analyze my reasons too closely. Fortunately I have with me my evening clothes; I am not sure that I could submit to the horrors of a Parisian dress-coat, even for the pleasure of a *deux-temps* with Irma de Czareska.

The carriage was already in line at the embassy, when I remembered that, after all, the General had omitted to take my formal parole. I said as much to mademoiselle, and asked her to accept my assurance of good faith to cover the period of our absence. She inclined her head, without speaking, and a moment later we had passed the portals of his Excellency Baron Zapkoff.

I dare say that the ball was nothing out of the common, as such functions go in Paris, but to my eyes the spectacle was an enchanting one. Here was the real thing at last, a genuine echo of Paris the magnificent—these Russians, at least, still live to show us how the great world once moved. Mademoiselle was graciously pleased to point out several of the more exalted personages, and I am bound to say that I looked them over with a frank curiosity. But, then, that is the attitude always expected of a born democrat, and I said as much. She smiled:

"Let us go on into the world of finance. You see the little round man standing near our host; that is Baron Kerker."

Of course I knew all about Baron Kerker, money-lender to half Europe, a man who in the mere mass of his millions possesses the Archimedian lever that can move the world.

"I can admire him honestly enough," I said, smiling back at her. "His is a power that appeals to every true New-Yorker."

"Then study him attentively, Mr. Cary; the knowledge may prove useful."

Mademoiselle went off for a turn on the floor with a young English diplomatic sprig, and I was obliged to pay some perfunctory attentions to Mrs. Verriker. As usual, we did not get on at all, and I was more than relieved when mademoiselle returned and asked me to take her into the adjoining conservatory; the heat of the ball-room—it had become really oppressive!

From where we were sitting in the cool semi-obscurity, we could see into the great salon. Suddenly mademoiselle's fan touched my arm.

"Straight in front of you—the elderly man without any decorations—that is Mr. Benton, the American ambassador."

I looked at her in questioning silence, and she went on rapidly:

"Allow me to return your parole, Mr. Cary. You have only to take me back to madame, and you are free to act as you think best. But if you will accept a word of advice from me, you will not trust too implicitly even in your country's protecting arm. You must leave Paris at the earliest possible moment, and take the first steamer for New York."

"You forget, mademoiselle," I said, quietly, "that it was only through an oversight that I did not give my word to your father. And, as I look at it, only he can release me from my promise."

"That is nonsense, Mr. Cary. As my father's representative, I accepted your parole, and I am still acting for him in returning it. I take upon myself the entire responsibility; I, too, am Czareska," she concluded, proudly.

So here at last the road had forked once and for all. Half a dozen steps, and I should be in a position to claim my country's powerful protection. I could take the night mail to London; Saturday would see me on the steamer, and in a week later I could report at the office of the *New World*. I could cable my coming, and the chief would certainly hold my place open until I could make my explanations in person. I was a fool to even hesitate—for me there was but the one road.

We had risen to our feet, and the light from the doorway fell full upon my companion's face. She had dropped her inevitable lorgnette, and her eyes were misty with the soft indecision, the questioning helplessness, peculiar to near-sighted people when suddenly deprived of their mechanical aids to vision. Now, short-sightedness in a man is merely a defect that accentuates his natural awkwardness; with a woman, it may become the last, the supremest trick of coquetry, for never is she so essentially feminine as at the moment in which an unsuspected weakness has been betrayed.

And so it happened that in a breath all my fine resolutions had been blown away, and I had committed the greatest folly of which a man can be guilty, the assumption that it has been given to him to read in a woman's face a secret of which she herself is still unconscious. A twofold error, for not only is a man the worst guesser in the world, but no woman ever allows an emotion to escape her until she is satisfied in her own mind as to its true character. And then she does not care if all the world knows it. This is good philosophy, but I learned it later on.

By this time we had half crossed the salon, and I must do one thing or the other. I stopped and took the plunge handsomely.

"Mrs. Verriker will not object if we keep her waiting a few minutes longer. May I have the honor of this *valse*, mademoiselle?"

"But the ambassador may not wait for the end of the number. You are quite sure that you will not regret your decision?"

"Quite sure."

Her hand rested in mine, and a tendril of fine-spun hair was blown for an instant across my lips. The music grew louder, the lights flared higher and higher. Half-way down the side of the room we cannoned violently into an elderly gentleman who was picking his way in short, spasmodic rushes across the polished parquetry. One—two, and we had caught the swing again. I glanced over my shoulder at the open door—the American ambassador had left the ball-room.

IRMA CZARESKA.

CHAPTER VII

A PAGE OF POLITICS

THE ball at the Russian Embassy had marked the last flicker of the season's gayeties. Already *tout Paris* was scattering in every direction, and the city would soon be given up entirely to the tourists and the shopkeepers. Why were we staying on? You see that I use the word "we" advisedly. I had enlisted definitely under the banner of the Czareskas; from henceforth their cause, their fortunes, were to be as mine own.

The visitor that the General has with him this morning becomes indiscreet when excited. He talks so loudly that several times I have been able to distinguish exclamations and even parts of sentences. The word Aetolia has occurred two or three times, and after some effort I recall that it is the name of a little semi-independent kingdom tucked away in a far corner of the great Soulian empire. This is interesting, and having summoned Achille, I send him in quest of a gazetteer and of Volume I. of the Encyclopædia.

Yes; Aetolia is nominally a tributary dependency of Soulia, but in reality it has its own king and autonomous government, and ranks as one of the fourth-class powers of Europe. Twenty years ago the Soulians succeeded in reducing these fierce mountaineers to partial subjection. Basil Agricola, the fifth of that name, was deposed and exiled, and his cousin, Jehan Varsof, was elevated to the throne. Of course the affair is only an unimportant phase in the vast complexity of the Eastern question, but there are wheels within wheels, and I wonder mightily how these things can concern my friend the General.

Mr. Coventry dined with us, and immediately after coffee was served he carried the Chevalier away with him. The General applied himself to a mass of neglected correspondence, and Mrs. Verriker retired to her room, pleading the excuse of a sick headache. I took the opportunity of challenging mademoiselle to a match at billiards. She looked surprised, but assented, and we made our way to the billiard-room, it being the last apartment in the suite, and situated at the extreme end of the private hall.

Once we were alone, I told her the whole story of what I knew about the disappearance of the "Cardinal's Rose."

"The proof," I concluded, "is locked up in the safe at the office of the New York *Herald*, and awaits your disposal."

She looked at me with just the ripple of a smile on her lips.

"Then you do not know that there was a robbery at the *Herald* office only last night. Mr. Coventry was telling us about it just before dinner. It seems that the thieves made a clean sweep of what was in the safe—money, books, papers—everything."

"Well, mademoiselle, if I am a liar, I am a stupidly clumsy one, and deserve to be tripped up. I have made an incredible charge against the honor of the Chevalier du Midi, and I have not one iota of evidence with which to back it up. My blunder is unpardonable."

"One moment, Mr. Cary. Can you believe that there are circumstances, certain circumstances, under which the Chevalier du Midi might do such a thing and yet be within his rights? But perhaps I should speak more definitely."

"It is not necessary, mademoiselle. If you can give him the benefit of the doubt, I am only too glad to acquiesce."

"Thank you, Mr. Cary." And then, with a sharper ring in her voice, "Assuming that the jewel was taken, it did not remain in the Chevalier's possession?"

"No."

"What possible chance is there for its recovery?"

I considered: "The clew is a slight one, and the police—"

"It is not a matter for the police—better, indeed, that it should be lost forever."

"And yet its recovery means something to you?"

It was a full half-minute before she answered. Then she said, very quietly,

"It means everything."

Well, if I had understood the full measure of her words, would there have been another ending to the story? Perhaps so, and perhaps not; I am rather inclined to think that the long, even strides of Fate are not materially affected by the pebbles that we may cast upon her path, or laboriously seek to remove from it. If in due time we arrive at our destination, it does not greatly matter what has happened on the way. The next instant we had started apart at the sound of that creaking board in the passage outside.

I had the door open as quickly as I could get to it from around the billiard table. The corridor was empty and silent, but far down its dimly lighted length it seemed to me that a darker shadow crept for a little space along the wall. But I could not be sure, and now there was nothing to be seen.

I stepped back into the billiard-room and walked straight up to Mademoiselle Czareska.

"To-morrow, mademoiselle, I shall ask the General to accept my parole. I am going house-hunting."

She was very pale, except that a great spot of scarlet glowed on either cheek.

"But remember that my father must know nothing of what you have told me. True or not, he must be the last person in the world to hear of anything that touches the honor of the Chevalier du Midi. You promise me this?"

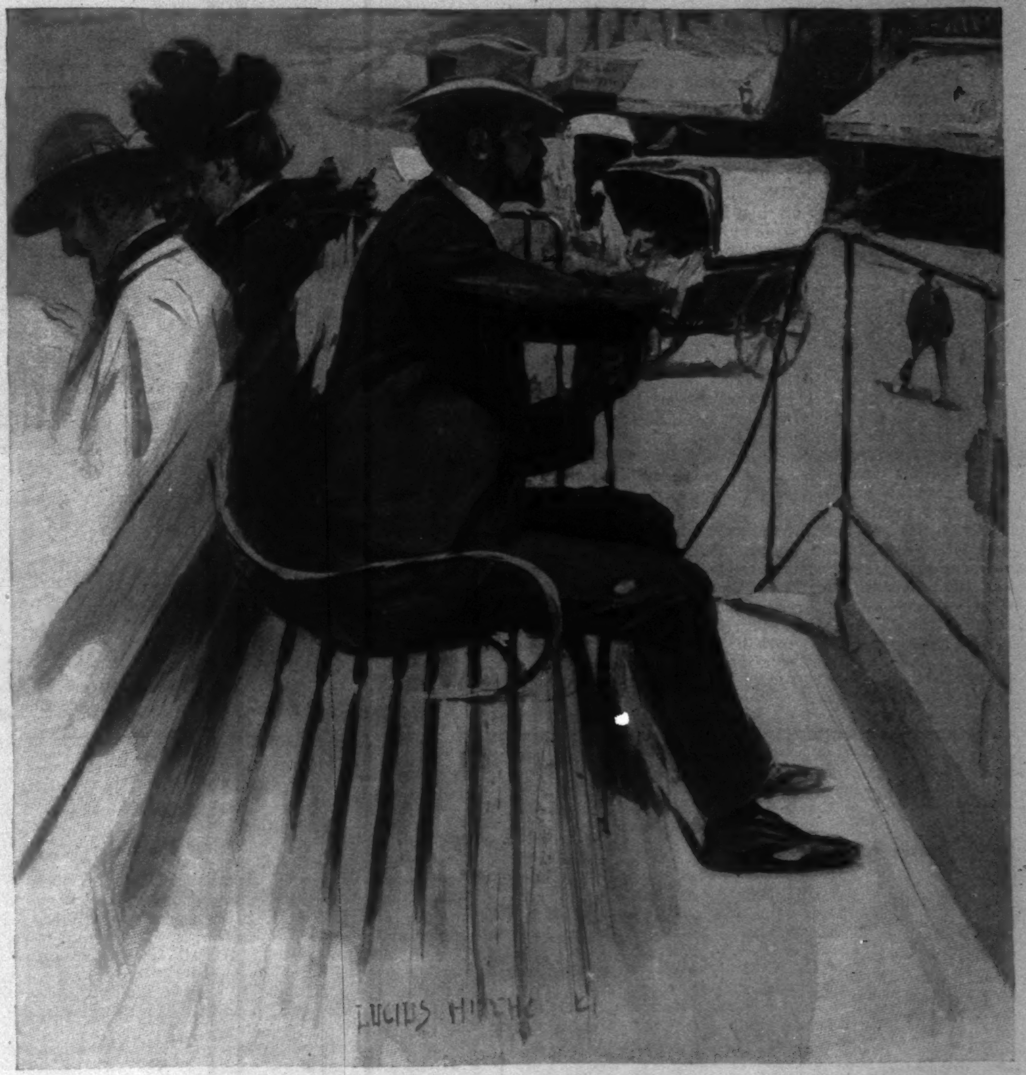
Of course I assented. Mademoiselle picked up her cue and chalked it thoughtfully.

"So you are going house-hunting. Will you be difficult to suit?"

"Oh, I fancy not. Something quiet and respectable in—say the Rue de Rennes."

"And, preferably—a yellow house?"

"Assuredly, mademoiselle; and, preferably again—*the* yellow house."



RIDING FOR HOURS ON THE TOP OF A GREEN OMNIBUS.

CHAPTER VIII

THE YELLOW HOUSE

THE Rue de Rennes runs from the Place St.-Germain to the Gare du Montparnasse. It is commonplace enough as streets go on the left bank, and I, who have been looking for something of more than ordinary interest, am correspondingly disappointed. For two hours I have been riding to and fro on the tops of the green omnibuses that ply between the Western Station and Père Lachaise, and I have examined both sides of the Rue de Rennes with the most scrupulous attention. But I have discovered nothing. There are dozens of houses covered with the familiar cream-colored stucco that might pass for yellow, and there are four or five others whose prevailing tint is fairly akin to saffron. But there is no house that can be called positively yellow, and I am balked.

It was getting on towards five o'clock, and I had alighted at the corner of the Rue Coëtlogon, intending to walk the few blocks to St.-Germain-des-Prés. I wanted to smoke, but I had used up all my matches, and I was consequently looking out for a tobacconist's shop. I walked on slowly, and had nearly reached the Rue du Vieux Colombier, when I saw the long-desired tobacco-shop on the other side of the street. I was about to cross over, when I happened to notice the number of the house that I was passing. It was 82. Now the numeral 82 was that of my college class, and I never see it in any connection without giving it at least momentary attention. I glanced up at the windows; what gorgeous geraniums! There was a box of the flowers in every one of the first and second story windows, and, being in full bloom, they made a magnificent blaze of color. I have a barbaric sort of fondness for red, it is so full of warmth and life, and I pulled up to feast my eyes on the show.

Something fluttered through the air and fell on the pavement at my feet. Ah! he must have accidentally snapped off a stem, and the flower was treasure-trove for my button-hole. I stepped forward and picked it up. It was not a geranium at all, but an artificial affair of colored paper and cloth, such as are made by the thousand in Paris for use in millinery.

I looked up once again, and my gaze fell upon a portion of the wall partially concealed by the overhanging balcony. Strange that I had not noticed that the building had been recently stuccoed over, or at least repainted. Here was a little piece that the brush of the workman had failed to reach—the original color stood out vividly, an unmistakable yellow.

M. Philippe Ribot, the proprietor of the tobacco-shop, was a most urbane personage, and he seemed to take an unaffected pleasure in supplying me with a sou's worth of vestas. It was not difficult to engage him in conversation, and of course he knew everything about the neighborhood.

"The house opposite, at No. 82? Why, yes; Maître Vauclot lives there. You can see his name in full on the silver plate underneath the bell-pull—'Maître Etienne Vauclot, Ecrivain Public.'"

"Ecrivain Public?"

"Precisely, m'sieu. Business transacted, petitions drawn up, accounts audited, letters written—what you will. And all with secrecy and despatch."

The door opened, and a woman literally flung herself into the shop. I tried to follow what she was saying, but her clipped and rapid vocables were too much for my unaccustomed ear. And M. Ribot's answer was equally unintelligible.

The woman threw up her hands, a tragic gesture of disappointment, and rushed out as precipitately as she had entered. A rapidly growing crowd of sympathizing friends and lookers-on awaited her, and the procession passed on to the next shop.

M. Ribot looked perplexed, even worried. He removed his ridiculous fez, which he probably wore out of respect to the fragrant Egyptian weed that he did not sell, and rubbed his shiny forehead with an equally shiny cuff.

"It is too bad," he said, gently. "A most excellent woman is Mlle. Agathe, and she adores her rascal of a nephew."

"An accident?"

"Who can tell, m'sieu. You see, he is at service over there—the *rive droit*, you comprehend. Regularly every Saturday afternoon he comes to see his aunt; she has always been like a mother to him, and her house is his home."

"Well?"

"It is now five o'clock, and he is never later than three at the outside—the sun itself is not more punctual. Besides, he was seen some two hours ago standing at the corner of the Rue du Vieux Colombier. And that makes the fourth within a month," he concluded, staring at me with frightened, wide-opened eyes.

"The fourth!"

"Assuredly, m'sieu. There was Victor Berger, of the War Office, Gillaudet the perfumer, and old Madame Meibel. Three, m'sieu, since the first of the month, and that fine young man makes the fourth."

"Nonsense! They will return."

"Ah, but they do not. But pardon; if m'sieu will be kind enough to observe—Monsieur Vauclot is standing at the door."

I looked, and saw two men at the entrance of the "yellow house." The old man, with his white hair tucked under a silk skull-cap must be Maître Vauclot. And the other? It was the "Pompadour" at last.

The two men stood talking for a few moments, and then the elder retired into the house, while my man started briskly down the street. I was after him instantly; the scoundrel! I would unmask him on the spot. A dozen more steps, and I was at his side, and touched his arm. He confronted me.

"Mr. Coventry, I believe?" speaking as coolly as I could.

"Monsieur is mistaken," he said, calmly.

"I am not mistaken," I retorted. "You are Arthur Coventry, wig and all. Allow me," and I deliberately knocked off his hat and gave a contemptuous tug to one of the fiery red locks. Appalling blunder! It was the man's own hair. He was no more disguised than I myself.

I stammered out something by way of apology, and he listened imperturbably.

"The explanation is hardly satisfactory," he said, coldly; "but you are young, and it is possible that it was a simple mistake. We will let it go at that." He bowed, swung round on his heel with military precision, and disappeared down a side street, while I stood staring after him, with my senses as far abroad as though I had been struck with a bludgeon.

Coventry came to dinner that night, and I felt almost ashamed to look at him. It seemed as though he must know of the suspicions that I had entertained, and yet I had surely some justification for my mistake. Strange, how every trick of eye and manner irresistibly recalled the image of his double of the Rue de Rennes! But the embarrassment was all on my side. Never had Coventry been in so brilliant a humor, and his flashes of wit were so incessant as to suggest to mademoiselle the propriety of having the wax candles removed. And insensibly the memory of my recent humiliation faded away, and we were all merry together.

Some one suggested fencing, and we adjourned to the billiard-room for coffee. At the far end there was enough of clear space for the use of the foils, and the high divans that lined the walls made comfortable vantage-points for the spectators. The General did me the honor of crossing swords for a brief assault, and I acquitted myself remarkably well for a novice. Indeed, the Chevalier was so proud of his pupil that he insisted upon backing me for an encounter with Coventry.

Of course we both wore the ordinary wire mask to protect the face and eyes against accidental injury, but, since the night was warm, I had discarded the heavy plastron for a skeleton-jacket, as being more comfortable. Hardly had the blades rung together in the salute than mademoiselle cried, "*Halte!*" Her quick eye had discovered that the button on Coventry's foil was loose, and consequently unsafe. Several days ago du Midi had noticed that the foil needed attention, and had placed it by itself in the rack, intending to have the repair made at the first opportunity. But the matter had been forgotten.

Mrs. Verriker had drawn mademoiselle aside upon some trifling pretext, and Coventry, replacing the imperfect foil in the rack, chose another, and engaged me without any further preliminaries. I soon realized that he was my master, and it was only my agility and an uncommonly good eye that enabled me to hold my ground in the first few minutes. I knew that he was playing with me, but it was only little by little that I realized the deadly purpose behind that cool deliberation of thrust and parry. I did not have to look at the rack of foils to be assured that he had only pretended to exchange his weapon, and that at any moment his naked point might be opposed to my unprotected breast.

The mind works with infinite rapidity at times of great stress, and all that I have written down here had been consciously thought out during the last second or two in which he had been steadily forcing me back to the side wall. My parries were growing weaker as his thrusts grew stronger. I could feel that the loosened button had been finally stripped from the point of my adversary's foil; he was only waiting to be certain of his aim before giving the final lunge.

It was coming now, sure and strong, and my feeble parry would be twisted aside as though it were a wisp of straw. And yet I must attempt it, for since a man can die but once, it is fitting that he should die like a man. I could feel his blade worming inside my guard, and then in an instant my foot had slipped, and I was down on one knee, while Coventry's foil, just grazing my left shoulder, shivered itself into half a dozen pieces against the brick of the partition wall.

The Chevalier laughed triumphantly as he assisted me to rise, and declared that I had more than fulfilled his predictions. Here I stood untouched, while Coventry had actually disarmed himself; the stakes had been fairly won, and he should call upon mademoiselle to hand them over.

I was feeling a bit tremulous and shaky, but I managed to smile back at him, and a moment after Coventry came up and spoke very handsomely of my fencing abilities. All I needed was practice and a little more suppleness in wrist-work. He himself would be glad to put me up to a few wrinkles at any time, and with that he actually held out his hand. And I took it—there was really nothing else to do.

As we went out to the drawing-room for a rubber at whist, Coventry pressed something into my hand. "For a souvenir," he whispered. It was the button from off his foil. So it seems that we understand each other; well, so much the better.

Postscript.—It was Vital who attended me to-night instead of Achille, who had originally been assigned to my personal service. In answer to my inquiry, Vital informed me that Achille had left the house about noon for his free half-day, but had failed to return at the usual hour. Odd! for he had given no hint that he wanted to leave his place, and he had taken away none of his belongings. The General was much annoyed, and had notified the police department of his disappearance.

"Disappearance, eh! According to M. Ribot, that makes No. 5," I said to myself, as I jumped into bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ARMY CANTEEN. *By Lieut. G. W. Bunnell, Jr., U.S.A.*

THE army canteen, or, as it is officially styled, the "post exchange," has of late been much discussed by all sorts of papers and by many different writers. However, little has been said that is strictly true, and as the subject seems to be of considerable interest to a large class of people, most of whom have no definite idea of what the word "canteen" really means and what it actually stands for, the writer believes that an article showing the true inwardness of things will be of more than passing interest. And since a certain element is trying to make this matter a party issue at the coming Presidential election, it is proper that no one should have to go to the polls any the less able to form for himself a correct opinion on this subject than upon any other subject of importance to the nation at large.

The canteen, so called by most people who speak of it, made its appearance at military posts about 1889, and succeeded what at that time was known as the "post trader." The post trader in turn had taken the place of the "sutler" of war-times, who was the person that followed, in his wagons, the movements of the armies from place to place, and found a ready market for his goods at prices far above their real values. The post trader, unlike his wandering predecessor, established his store on the regular military reservations, and laid in a stock of such articles as the desires of the enlisted men prompted them to buy, and as the needs of the officers at remote posts required. He was, of course, subject to certain rules and regulations, but no rule prevented him from charging whatever he saw fit to charge for his wares, and no regulation prevented him from selling whiskey or rum to such as wished to buy. The system was so entirely unsatisfactory that something different was required, and to meet this requirement the post exchange was established. It came into being on account of, and has followed since its establishment, the universal principle of supply and demand. And throughout the whole discussion of this subject it would be well to bear this principle clearly in mind: wherever and whenever there is a demand for anything, no matter what it is, there and then there will be found a source of supply, and if the demand is not met by a legitimate supply of the article called for, sooner or later there will be found an illegitimate supply.

The post exchange has been called the "enlisted man's club," and let us see what claims it has to such a dignified designation.

Every military reservation is allowed to have a post exchange, which is established at the discretion of the commanding officer, and carried on in accordance with certain regulations of the War Department, under the direct supervision of an officer of the United States army and a board of officers known as the post-exchange council.

The officer intrusted with the active conduct of the exchange is called the "exchange officer," and upon him rests largely the responsibility of its success. He decides what articles and lines of goods are required for sale, does all the buying, pays the bills, and sees that the exchange steward obeys his rules and the regulations in the active conduct of business. He is responsible for the success of the exchange, just as any business man is responsible for the success of his business.

But in the exchange, just as in any other business undertaking, the wants of the patrons determine the kinds of stock carried. So that if the enlisted men show a demand for a certain article or class of articles, they are offered for sale, provided, of course, that the sale of them does not conflict with regulations. So we find a prosperous exchange comprising the following departments: an amusement-room, a lunch-room, a general store, and a bar-room, or canteen.

The amusement-room is supplied with card tables, billiard and pool tables, and various games, such as checkers and chess. Here a man can come when off duty, and, for a few cents, enjoy a game of billiards, or sit down and play whist or hearts. Gambling games are absolutely prohibited. At all times the amusement-room will be found to be orderly and quiet.

The lunch-room is fitted to supply sandwiches, pies, milk, tea, and coffee, and various other things suitable for a light lunch.

The general store sells such articles as are not for sale at the post commissary, and for which there is any demand. Among them may be mentioned various articles of clothing, such as handkerchiefs, under-clothes, neck-ties, certain toilet requisites, groceries, fruits, and candies.

The last branch of the exchange is, strictly speaking, the canteen or bar. Here are sold beer, light wines by the glass, soft drinks, cigars, and tobacco. No ardent spirits are carried in stock or sold, and nothing can be taken from the premises. The most rigid regulations govern. No person is allowed to get drunk here, and absolutely no liquor will be sold to any one who is intoxicated. A man can get a glass of beer, but he cannot get whiskey. What other place in this country can say as much? Is there a single saloon-keeper in the world that will refuse to sell a drink of any kind, and thus shut himself off from his handsome profit of anywhere from fifty to two hundred per cent.?

And this brings us to one of the strongest arguments in favor of the whole canteen question, the one of profit. The exchange is run as a paying business, but the profits all go to the purchaser to provide certain articles of food—really luxuries—that are not furnished by the government, which necessarily furnishes only the staples.

Everything is sold at a fair profit, say from five to twenty per cent., but the profit on beer, wines, and tobacco is the largest of all—from fifty to one hundred per cent. This is as it should be, for these last three articles are sold at the same price for which they can be purchased elsewhere, and so no one is encouraged to buy on account of cheapness. We all love a bargain, but no bargains can be found in liquor or tobacco. The profits, after paying the running expenses, are divided proportionally among the companies serving at the post, and go into what is known as the company fund, a fund expended under the direction of the company commander for the benefit of the enlisted men's mess. No one makes any profit except the purchaser; not even the officer who expends his time, thought, and energy on the exchange is paid anything in addition to his regular army pay.

Here it should be remarked that the canteen proper, or the section of the exchange that sells tobacco and beer, is entirely different from the popular idea of a bar-room. There is no imposing array of bottles before polished mirrors to tempt to all sorts of mixed drinks, concoctions that ruin the stomach and very soon inebriate. There is no skilled barkeeper to mix and dispense at the will of the drinker. But the room is fitted up plainly with tables and chairs, a small counter, an ice-box, and a case for tobacco. Everything is clean but homely.

The rules in regard to paying for all purchases at the exchange are very clear. No man can get credit directly, but he can purchase on credit a limited number of checks, which will be received at the exchange in lieu of money. However, he can also purchase for cash the same checks at a reduced rate, an excellent rule to encourage men to pay for what they get.

Now that we have seen just what the exchange is and how it is conducted, let us consider some of the arguments in favor of the continuance of the canteen. It is only fair to say at the outset that practically all the criticism of the army canteen has come from those who know nothing about the question, while in the opinions of those who have known and watched the workings of the system there is nothing but unstinted praise for it. All the officers in the regular army, with a very few exceptions, have stated officially that to do away with the canteen means to encourage those evils that are subversive of discipline, that go to weaken and undermine the one fundamental principle of everything military—absolute and unquestioning obedience. Officers (and who is better able to judge of the subject, either on account of personal qualifications or position?) say that the canteen lessens the number of courts-martial for such offences as absence without leave, drunkenness, and disobedience of orders, increases discipline among the men, increases their self-respect, and improves their morals, makes them better qualified to do their duties as soldiers, and to fight for their country when called upon, and, in a word, lessens the amount of liquor consumed, and promotes temperance—the very object sought by the people who so bitterly and unreasonably oppose the canteen.

Does any one believe that the class of men that compose the rank and file of the army can ever be forcibly made to abstain totally from liquor? Has not prohibition been tried and proved an absolute failure, a measure which instead of preventing the sale of liquor causes men to break the laws and to obtain illegally that which they *will* have, and which they feel, as men, it is their right to have if they so desire? As long as there is any liquor in this world the man who wants it will have it, and the only rational way to promote temperance seems to be to lessen the desire for strong drink, and to gradually cause less liquor to be consumed. This is what the canteen does. And how does it do it? By selling no strong drink, and no drink in quantities large enough to produce intoxication; by selling beer, light wines, and non-alcoholic drinks in a wholesome, law-abiding, moral atmosphere, without any incentive to intoxication, or to indulgence in other excesses of the passions; in other words, by supplying the demand for a certain article in a legitimate and lawful manner without any effort to *increase the demand*, while at the same time giving back the profits that accrue to better the condition of the purchasers. Has any opponent of the canteen ever stopped to consider that perhaps there is less demand for ardent spirits among men whose stomachs are supplied with many of the delicacies that serve to make us all contented? And when we have caused these very men to stop strong drink, and to indulge only in drinks with a very small percentage of alcohol, have we not done inestimable good?

But what will the shutting up of the canteen mean? It will mean that these very men will go back again to drinking whiskey and rum, to breaking regulations that are necessary to military discipline, to spending their small pay to line the pockets of some grasping saloon-keeper, whose one object is gain at any price—the price of manhood, honor, and even life.

To condemn the canteen without having seen its practical workings is an injustice, of which no thinking man will be guilty. In this, as in most other matters in life, the majority of us must accept the opinion of those qualified to judge. If we are sick we do not go to a merchant to be told what is the matter and to obtain treatment. So in this canteen question why should we accept the perhaps sincere but misguided opinions of those who really know nothing about it, when we can get the judgment of those who have every means of knowing the truth about the matter, and who are perfectly capable of forming and expressing professional or expert opinion? No army officer derives the least benefit from the canteen, except indirectly as it aids discipline. And the majority of our nation are to-day ready to admit that the discipline which means efficiency, the welfare and the well-being of the men, is the first thought of all regular army officers. It is these very officers who say that to abolish the canteen means to encourage drinking and the breaking of regulations, and is a direct blow at the efficiency of the whole army—an efficiency which has been tried and proved not wanting.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

BEFORE and during the Commencement season last June a good deal was written and said about the condition and prospects of the Andover Theological Seminary. We were told that it was languishing, and had very few students, and it was proposed to move it to Cambridge in the hope that it might be benefited by change of air and nearness to Boston. It was not moved, but its predicaments were recalled last week by a despatch in a Boston newspaper which recorded the resignation of the Rev. Edward Chandler from the pastorate of a church in Wellesley, Massachusetts. Some members of Mr. Chandler's church, it seems, were doubtful about his doctrines. "Like nearly every minister who comes out of the Andover Seminary nowadays," says the despatch, "he was accused of being not 'sound.' No direct charges were made against him, but there was constant discussion as to the soundness of his doctrine, and rather than foster dissension in his church Mr. Chandler resigned."

One might suppose that a pastor who was the means of awakening such keen interest in church doctrines would have been a man whom his church would cleave to, but it seems not. Mr. Chandler's case, if it has been correctly reported, seems to throw some light on the causes of the decline of the prosperity of the Andover Seminary, for if the suspicion of unsoundness is enough to weaken a minister's hold on his charge, and if "nearly every minister that comes out of Andover Seminary nowadays" is suspected of being unsound, what wonder that Andover Seminary languishes? It seems to be a good deal with the ministers as it is with horses. Looks, action, vigor, all go for little unless soundness can be guaranteed. The Andover Seminary seems to be out of touch with its market, though whether it is the market or the seminary that is at fault does not appear.

THE best-advertised minister in the country for the moment is young Mr. Stokes of New York, who was lately admitted to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and became assistant to the rector of a church in New Haven. There is nothing remarkable about his being a clergyman except that he is a member of a well-known family, which is respected on many accounts, and, among others, for its wealth. It is true that Mr. Stokes is a rich young man, and some of the newspapers have been making a nine days' wonder of the fact that a young man of his pecuniary resources should have chosen to be a preacher. They accord him as much notice as though he had webbed fingers or blue hair, or differed from other folks in some striking particular that could not be overlooked. His picture has frequently been published, his sermons have been quoted, and various details of his professional labors have been chronicled with almost as much care as though he was a prize-fighter or a candidate for high office on a stumping tour in the West. It probably annoys Mr. Stokes to get so much attention, and, of course, it is no advantage to him in his profession to be treated like a curiosity and dogged by reporters. It is unusual in this country for rich men to become clergymen—much more so than in England—but it is not unknown. There are some very opulent gentlemen with large inherited estates among the clergy of New York. To men who like it and are suited to it the ministerial profession may well have great attractions and great rewards, and to able men it offers excellent opportunities for usefulness and influence. If the attention—doubtless unwelcome—which Mr. Stokes's choice of a profession has drawn to him, shall be the means of bringing the attractions of the clerical calling home to other worthy young men who are undecided what to do, it may prove to have been worth while. There are more satisfactions to be got of the ministry than out of yachting, or golf, or even horses. If a young man who enjoys the blessing known as "private means" devotes himself to golf it excites no wonder. That such a person should excite surprise by becoming a minister simply illustrates the traditional foolishness of a large part of mankind.

THERE is a certain distinction about the impudence of the whiskey-seller who has adopted the seals of various colleges for trade-marks on his wares. The colleges naturally object—as doubtless he expected—and some of them have taken active measures to thwart his scheme. It seems uncertain whether the law will afford them protection. If not, the whiskey man's audacity may be the means of our getting a new law about trade-marks, which will impose reasonable restrictions upon the enterprise of manufacturers whose sense of propriety is deficient. Of course the use of the college seals to advertise whiskey is outrageous, but so are various other wiles of manufacturers and advertisers in whom "enterprise" is unchecked by decency. Cigar-makers name brands of cigars after deceased citizens of note, and paper the bill-boards with portraits of the persons so honored. There seems to be no help for it, and efforts to restrain such use of the names and visages of the departed have failed in court. But the more flagrant and conspicuous the abuse, the better the chance of abating it, and this misuse of the college seals may lead to timely and adequate relief.

The consumption of whiskey in American colleges is comparatively small. The average college boy in this country is an abstemious person, but when he does meddle with beverages at all hazardous his choice is usually beer, or, at times, claret or champagne. His dallyings with whiskey are apt to be experimental, and the distiller who thinks his trade valuable beguiles himself with false hopes.

OUR Governor seems to be having the time of his life. He is easily the star performer in the present campaign, and his performances have, so far, been very fully and generally reported. His itinerary takes him from Detroit through Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia, and Maryland. His tour began at Detroit on September 6, and will end, if he keeps to his schedule, on October 19 at Baltimore. It was reported the other day that his voice had failed him, but he seems to have got it back. At any rate, he can shake hands. He had a wonderfully cordial reception in the cowboy districts of Montana, where he knew the folks, and where his engaging qualities are fully appreciated. At present writing he has just been mobbed by sundry of the unruly in the Cripple Creek mining district of Colorado. To be mobbed, and hit with a club, must have given him immeasurable satisfaction. Any good man, even a less ardent one than our Governor, would be glad to be mobbed for a change after a month's experience of boisterous unmodified popularity. Certainly our Governor, who enjoys everything, enjoyed being poked with a club, especially as it didn't hurt him. It is not known that any citizen of the United States, Coal Oil Johnny not excepted, ever had as much fun in a given space of time as Theodore Roosevelt has had in the last four years.

IT seems that the Richmond negroes earnestly deprecated the proposal of Miss Jewett, the anti-lynching agitator of Boston, to attend their big Baptist convention last month and make an anti-lynching address. They showed excellent judgment, for of course nothing but mischief could come of Miss Jewett's speeches to negroes in Richmond. Where she might possibly relieve her mind, without doing harm, is here in New York. If she could be invited to address the New York police on the negro question, she would at least have a safe audience, and one that might profit by her persuasions.

ITALY is called upon by her wise men and the wise men of the neighboring countries to undertake a new war—a war of the most vital importance, and already too long delayed; not against men, however, but against mosquitoes. Italy has malaria, and is very ill with it, and is getting worse. She has always had it more or less, but the railroad building and forest devastation which have been the early fruits of her new national aspirations have made it worse. Directly and indirectly, the result of the railroad building in the peninsula south of Rome has been to increase the seriousness of the malaria problem. The new roads have interfered with watercourses and drainage; they have brought about the deforestment of great tracks of country, and they have brought new ideas to the resident people. The southern Italians have discovered that the malaria is worse than it was, and that they cannot overcome it, but that they can get out of the country and perhaps do better elsewhere. So they have been emigrating in large numbers, as we in this country very well know. It begins to look as if the Italian government must either overcome the malaria or prepare to see southern Italy depopulated. Science has discovered that the great breeder and carrier of malarial poisons is the mosquito. Mosquitoes being impervious to argument and not susceptible of extermination, the proposition is to cut down their supply of poison by compelling the use of quinine as a preventive of malarial disease, and by forcibly removing malarial patients from their homes to mountain sanitariums.

It is obviously an enormous undertaking, but in Italy's situation it doubtless offers a better field for investment than war-ships or a standing army.

THE *Haberdasher* sighs at the amount of time that is spent annually by the world of letter-writers in prefixing "Dear sir" to their epistles, and putting "Yours very truly" at the end. The paper estimates that the expense of these literary formalities is something more than three million dollars a year, and it believes that from business letters at least they might be dropped to the advantage of commerce. The American people, it says, prides itself on saving time, and has filled the earth with inventions to that effect. Here's a chance, it thinks, to save a mite of time without loss to any one.

Maybe so, but what would the *Haberdasher* have us do with the time we save by leaving out "Dear sirs" and "Yours trulys"? Shall we devote it to the selection of neck-ties, or to the consideration of shirt patterns? Is there any probability that we would make better use of it than we do in keeping up these forms of courtesy? The American people are getting very, very rich. Does it become a nation so opulent to use these cheese-paring economies of time? A hollow courtesy is not one of our national faults, but hurry is; at least our critics say so. They say, too, that we hurry to no better end than that we may have more time to waste. A certain amount of lawful occupation is valuable to keep folks out of mischief, and it may be that the minutes we spend in the course of the year in writing "Dear sir" might be wasted altogether or even misspent if we managed to save them. Does any one else beside the *Haberdasher* think we Americans are making such extraordinary good use of our spare seconds that it would pay us to save the time it takes to write "Dear sir"?

NOW that school has begun there are symptoms of a widespread and active demand for some sort of automobile caddie able to go round a links with a bag, and indifferent to truant-catchers. In most States where golf prevails the ordinary human caddie is now constrained by statute to go to school, and officers are sent out to see that he does. Unless he is above school age—fourteen in some States, sixteen in others—he cannot caddie during school hours. When the truant-officer learns that the schools are not as well attended as they should be, he proceeds to the nearest links, and usually returns with his net bursting with reluctant urchins. The rule in Massachusetts golf clubs is not to employ lads under sixteen after the schools open. In Connecticut it seems that boys over fourteen are presumed to have had sufficient schooling, and may be employed.

THE Boers have made a good many mistakes in the last four years, and though they have accomplished marvels, they have left undone too much—far too much—that they should have attended to. It wasn't their fault. It was their misfortune that they didn't know how to go to work to save their country. One thing that every one who has a kindness for them must regret is that they did not long ago engage Richard Harding Davis to write pieces about them for the magazines. Somehow the Boers have taken hold of Mr. Davis. His recent articles about them in *Scribner's* are the most effective pro-Boer literature that has got into type. It is effective partly because it is good writing, and because Mr. Davis has an audience that reads whatever he writes. But it has also the attraction of being unexpected. Mr. Davis likes the English, likes good clothes and pleasant gentlemen, and other things that abound in the English army. The natural thing for him to do seemed to be to take up with his British friends and clamor skilfully and ardently on the British side, as Julian Ralph has done. But it did not happen so. By choice or accident it fell to him to become an observer of Boers from within the Boer lines. What he saw made him pro-Boer, heart and pen. He does not revile the British, but he does revile the war the British have waged. Grieving over its inevitable end he calls his Boer comrades the last of the Crusaders. "As I see it," he says, "it has been a Holy War, this war of the burgher-crusader, and his motives are as fine as ever called a 'minute-man' from his farm, or sent a knight of the Cross to die for it in Palestine. When he falls he will not fall alone; with him will end a great principle, the principle for which our forefathers fought—the right of self-government, the principle of independence."

Let us hope it is not so bad as that. The Boer has gone down, but he has gone down with a crash that is mighty significant. What England has done to him seems clear enough. What he has done to England is yet to be discerned, appreciated, and reckoned up. That he has left her military prestige a wreck is of less consequence than the extraordinary mess he has made of her moral prestige as a nation devoted to liberty. He has not only tousled her hair and blackened her eyes, but he has broken the back of her hymn-book, and cracked the voice in which she gives thanks that she is good, and strewed thorns on the hassock on which she kneels in church. Oom Paul has doubtless been blind, but he has been a blind Samson. What wonder if men like Mr. Davis think that it was the pillars of the temple of liberty that he was chained to?

THE missionaries in China have been criticised for many things. It has been questioned whether they had lawful business in China at all. They have been accused of meddling in Chinese politics, of thwarting the operations of Chinese law, of shielding evil-doers from punishment, and of making hypocrisy profitable to insincere converts. No doubt there is some truth in most of these allegations. No doubt the missionaries have leaned hard on the secular arm, and relied perhaps too much on consuls, ministers, and war-ships to promote the ends to which they have been devoted and their personal safety. But no one has charged that at the pinch they have not lived up to the best traditions of their perilous calling. At least, those who have suffered have suffered with fortitude and constancy, and those who have died have died as well as any group of Christian martyrs that we know of. A good many have died; how many we do not know yet; nor have we any but meagre accounts of their end. But so far as we have learned, the Christians in China—native and foreign—have shown stout hearts and a sure faith, and have faced whatever peril met them with an unflinching spirit.

E.H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

ANNIE RUSSELL IN A ROYAL FAMILY

THE DRAMA. *By Lawrence Reamer*

EDWARD H. SOTHERN, whose performance of *Hamlet* has been the most fertile topic of discussion that the drama of the season has so far produced, approached the tragedy gradually from the merely farcical and melodramatic plays with which his career began. As *Claude*, in the "Lady of Lyons," he made a step forward, and it was not possible to doubt his seriousness when he appeared as the aspiring founder in "The Sunken Bell." Shakspere's drama follows comprehensively enough in this advance of an ambitious actor, and what may be regarded as the most important step in his career, so far as its artistic development is concerned, was taken when "Hamlet" was acted at the Garden Theatre. This performance was not premature. The actor is not likely to increase in talent or the skill of his art. His apprenticeship has been sufficiently long, and if his training has not always been in lines that would best qualify him for the highest forms of the poetic and tragic drama, that disadvantage is unavoidable in a country that cares little for these phases of dramatic art. Mr. Sothern need not have waited longer before claiming a place beside the greatest actors of his age, so far as that is assured to him by a successful appearance as *Hamlet*. He was ready and the time was well chosen. The American stage does not possess to-day a solitary actor identified with the rôle, nor was there any who seemed so likely to derive honor from such as association as Mr. Sothern. So conditions were favorable to this ambitious effort on the actor's part; but the great success which has rewarded him is the result of his own talents so effectively expended on a performance of *Hamlet* that it has been accepted as the best seen since Edwin Booth laid down the part.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT of Mr. Sothern's merit has been general. It has varied somewhat in degree, but it is doubtful if ever an actor before received such general praise when he played the rôle first. Ignoring the necessity of beginning at some time, there are always persons to object to the first step in the direction that a performance of *Hamlet* points. It is doubtful if Edwin Booth was received in the first place with more approval than Mr. Sothern has won. Certainly E. S. Willard, Wilson Barrett, and Beerbohm Tree were not greeted in this spirit, and Henry Irving in this country met with no such immediate recognition. Mr. Sothern's triumph seems more than ever creditable in view of his past career as an actor of rôles frequently comic, nearly always trivial, and at their best merely theatrical. This preparation did not recommend a *Prince of Denmark* to those likely to make comparisons with the great figures of the past.

MR. SOTHERN'S *Hamlet* is certain to remain a permanent figure that his public will demand. Its distinction, grace, personal charm, and tastefulness would make it a source of delight to his admirers even if it did not possess qualities that render it a dramatic achievement of rare importance. His *Prince* is a pale, handsome youth, suggestive of Edwin Booth in appearance. He is graceful in movement, noble in mien, free from all tricks and affectations of speech or manner, and shuns all strained or fanciful readings of the text. He is deficient in elocutionary skill, and for that reason the beauty of the lines is occasionally obscured, not because the actor fails to appreciate their purpose, but through his inability to deliver them in a way possible to a player of sufficient training in poetic drama. But the variety of his reading very nearly compensates for his lack of elocutionary skill. Certainly there was never before Mr. Sothern a *Hamlet* freer from monotony. His alternating use of formal and colloquial expression is mainly responsible for this effect, which is never gained by tricky contrast or mere straining after novelty.

THE most disappointing episode in the whole performance is undoubtedly the familiar soliloquy, in which he fails to touch the depth of the great speech, chiefly through his defective reading, while in the lines beginning, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" the highest point of his interpretation is reached. Mr. Sothern was always a lover beyond reproach, and the scenes with *Ophelia* are touched with a gentle and fervent, if somewhat vague, suggestion of his feeling for her. His scenes with the *Queen* denote touchingly enough his filial affection and reverence, and the interviews with *Polonius* are all admirably clear and illuminative of the *Prince's* purpose. The scene with the players is so well acted that it is a disappointment to find the climax disappointing chiefly through the meaningless "business" with which Mr. Sothern brings the act to a close. He seizes a torch, and rushing to the *King*, holds it close to his face, presumably to observe the evidences of his guilt. As the entire stage is bathed in a glow of yellow light at the moment, the artificiality of the episode is too obvious to allow it to pass. The closet scene is performed apparently for no other purpose than to allow the *King* to repeat his prayer, as the meeting between him and *Hamlet*, which alone would justify its retention, is omitted. Mr. Sothern's meeting with *Ghost* in the first act seems disappointing because the actor lacks the physical force necessary to give the impression of awe and terror that the scene demands. The cry with which this episode ends only emphasizes further his lack of the necessary strength and elocutionary skill to make these scenes as effective as they should be. These are the only defects in a performance that is otherwise passionate and sympathetic throughout, and in many details ideal.

MR. SOTHERN is not strong in facial expression, but can indicate as no other actor tenderness of affection, ardor, nobility of manner, and a sense of absorbing intent. Even if he cannot always read well, and is occasionally unintelligible in the more rapid speech, his voice is sonorous and appealing in quality. These attributes, directed by intelligence and artistic discretion, will do much toward making an actor a creditable *Hamlet*. They won a triumph for Mr. Sothern. His view that the *Prince* is not mad at any period of the play adds an element of attractiveness that in the case of so young and comely an actor is especially potent. The general representation of the tragedy is no more than tolerable. There is a personal charm in Virginia Harned's *Ophelia* that attaches to everything she does, but the part is plainly foreign to her sympathies, and is never likely to exhibit her talents advantageously. Neither in costume nor scenery is there the least evidence of a desire to do anything beyond what the most conventional standards demand.

A SIMPLE fairy story, that has frequently been seen in one form or another on the stage in the past, serves as the basis for the fantastic "A Royal Family" that presents Annie Russell at the Lyceum Theatre. She is the lovely princess of the fanciful country of Arcadia, which possesses in common with more material lands the advantage of requiring its rulers to make marriages advantageous to their countries, rather than in accord with their own royal affections. It has many other characteristics belonging to countries not imaginary, and all these provide material for Robert Marshall's good-humored irony and light, never pessimistic, satire. Anybody who remembers "His Excellency the Governor" will recall the freshness of this author's humor and the originality of his point of view, which is more like W. S. Gilbert's than anybody else's, and the unhackneyed charm of his plays. Captain Marshall is indeed so unlike the practised playwright, so far as his view of life and his idea of the stage are concerned, that it is surprising not to find him among the unacted. His technical skill is nearly as slight as it was in his first comedy given here, but the success of the play through its daintiness and agreeable sparkle is never for a moment in doubt. None of the wit is dazzling in its brilliancy, and, removed from the spoken dialogue, its charm is a little bit difficult to analyze. But in the drama it flows easily and brightly against the picturesque and imaginative background that the author has supplied out of an invention not yet exhausted by use or held in hopeless check by the playwright's desire not to attempt anything that has not been done frequently before, and thereby established its freedom from all risk.

THE princess in the play is fated to marry a suitor whom she has never seen, in order to avert a war with her country. She refuses to marry for geographical reasons, and will not submit to becoming a political

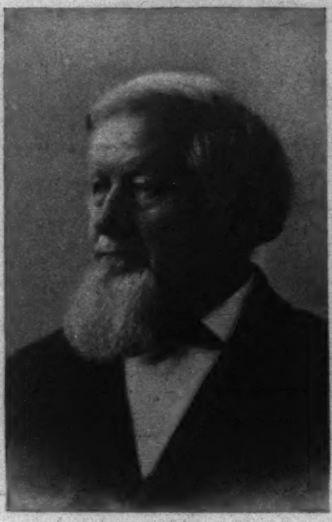
doll. But a wily cardinal brings her into the society of the young man who was to have been her betrothed. Ignorant of his identity, she falls in love with him, and there is nothing but happiness for them until this disguised lover asks for her hand. That reveals the femininity of the young princess. It is only her country that occupies her thoughts then. She must marry to prevent this threatening war. And she does marry the prince of the neighboring country, although she only knows on her wedding-day that her one lover is both.

MISS RUSSELL is well fitted for such a rôle as Captain Marshall's princess. Her exquisite talents would be wasted on the conventional rôles of comedy, as they almost were last season in "Miss Hobbs"; but the originality of "A Royal Family's" heroine makes it well worth her time. The *Princess Angela* lives in a mythical country and the illusion of a fairy tale is over the whole of the dainty story; but she has been reared in the fashion of the day, and can readily be taken as a type of its young womanhood, in spite of her disguised suitor and the other romantic incidents of the play. Miss Russell gives her exactly the right shade of extravagance, although none of her acting would lead to the impression that the *Princess Angela* had not been an actual person. It is just in this treatment of the rôle that her sense of humor, which should always have its opportunity, manifests itself most irresistibly. Charles Richman and Mrs. Gilbert are once more associated with her, and Mrs. Gilbert's performance of a suspicious dowager of rather unamiable turn of mind is quite as humorous as any of the dominating wives in her old gallery at Daly's.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S "Arizona" was new to New York, after most of the large cities in the country had made its acquaintance and generally regarded it with favor. No dramatist ever comes before the New York public with such chances of success as Augustus Thomas. His "Alabama" has not been forgotten, while "New Blood" and "The Capitol" are forgiven the faults of, as the results of an ambition which failed of success, but was nevertheless high placed and aspiring. It was luckily possible to commend "Arizona" in a way that must have pleased Mr. Thomas as much as it did his admirers. The play has a purely conventional story, and contains the familiar incidents that always arise when the old husband, the young wife, and the handsome lover are brought together to supply the intrigue of a serious drama. This old-time material in Mr. Thomas's hands takes a verity and freshness that only the master touch could impart. Every scene throbs with life and feeling, and not an episode leaves the spectator cold, or fails to satisfy the promise with which it began. The illusion of reality that the scenes contain comes, in a large measure, from the naturalness of the dialogues which the actors speak, and the touches of human character that stand out in this closely written, compact, and engrossing play. Mr. Thomas has not sought a theme with a larger interest than the mere love-affairs of men and women. Labor and capital were the elements of "New Blood," and the relations of church and state were involved in "The Capitol." This drama of Western life contains no attempt to do more than tell a story well, yet its author seems nearer reality in it than in any of the other plays which were to be documents of life. Its figures all seem actual types, and they accomplish the rare feat of doing conventional and melodramatic things without becoming conventional or melodramatic for a moment.

John M. Palmer

GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER, who died on September 25, at Springfield, Illinois, was an American statesman of the old school, whose career was of the sort that Americans like best to watch, and who amply earned the affection and respect of his countrymen. His raising was much like Lincoln's. He was born in Kentucky in 1817, was taken to Illinois when he was fourteen, and entered Shurtleff College. But he had a living to make, and soon left college and went to work. He tried coopering for a while, and then peddled clocks, and in 1837 was schoolmaster in a country school. He studied law after school hours, and was admitted to the bar in Springfield in 1839. He immediately went into politics, became a Probate Justice in 1843, County Judge in 1849, and State Senator in 1851. In 1854 he quarrelled with the Democratic party and was chosen delegate to the first



JOHN M. PALMER.

Republican national convention. When the war broke out he went to it as colonel of an Illinois regiment, served all through it with distinction, and came out a major-general. In 1868 he was chosen Republican Governor of Illinois. In 1872 he returned to the Democratic party, and afterwards ran twice unsuccessfully for Senator and once for Governor of Illinois. In 1890 he was chosen United States Senator. Four years ago he was the candidate of the Gold Democrats for President. His objections to Bryanism were still in force this year, and he had announced that he would vote for McKinley.

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THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

THE national campaign for the Presidency has reached what might be called the close-fighting stage. Both sides are nearing a point of agreement as to what the real issues shall be. This has caused a shifting of base to some extent. Theoretically, when two war-ships fight a battle they approach each other to within a reasonable distance, and then they begin to circle about a common point at full speed. When a cowboy and an Indian fight a duel on the plains they also circle about a common point, riding at full speed, and protected from each other as much as possible by their horses' bodies. In a Presidential campaign the two parties generally find a common point around which they can circle, and on election day the contest is finished. This year the parties have failed to reach a definite issue thus far about which they may circle. The Republicans have declared that free silver was the chief issue of the campaign. The Democrats have asserted that Imperialism was the "paramount issue." There are indications now that the Democrats will practically abandon the Imperialism issue and make the campaign on the issue of trusts and their effect upon the laboring-man. In the East they will probably ignore entirely the free-silver side of the Democratic platform, and for a side issue may have something to say about Militarism, and point to the great coal strike in Pennsylvania as an illustration of what Militarism means. They will undoubtedly point to the same coal strike as an illustration of the evils of trusts. On the Republican side the campaign managers will continue to talk about free silver. They declare that the Imperialism issue is dead, and they will probably meet the Democrats in a lively wind-up on the issue of trusts and business prosperity and their effect upon the laboring-man. The campaign will thus centre about the laboring-man. It seems to be agreed generally that the dispassionate discussion of the part he was compelled to play in the Philippines trouble by President McKinley in his Letter of Acceptance has eliminated to a great extent the issue of Imperialism from the campaign. It has also been discovered that there is a law on the statute-books of the United States, passed in 1804, and reaffirmed in the revision of the statutes in the early seventies, which provides for the authentication of certain records, and declares that it shall be applicable in all States, Territories, and "other countries subject to the jurisdiction of the United States." That law was signed by Thomas Jefferson, and it is a clear recognition of the fact that Mr. Jefferson believed that this country was likely to hold other countries as possessions. Mr. Jefferson, it will be remembered, was the author of the famous phrase, "the consent of the governed."

AN incident that aroused widespread interest in the campaign was the attempted mobbing of Governor Roosevelt at Victor, Colorado, on the evening of September 26, by a party of former Cœur d'Alene miners. Governor Roosevelt was assailed on the way from the hall in which he spoke to his train. A stick was thrust against his chest and stones were thrown at him. He was hooted at and jeered. The Governor bore himself calmly throughout the rioting and insisted on remaining on the platform of his car, notwithstanding the stones, until the train was out of sight. McKinley polled four votes in Victor in 1896.

THE oratorical stage of the campaign is under full swing. The chief figures in the oratory, of course, are Mr. Bryan, Governor Roosevelt, and Chairman Hanna of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Bryan has left home, not to return until a day or two before election. He will go through the Northwest first, especially in the territory which has been covered recently by Governor Roosevelt, and will endeavor to counteract the interest and enthusiasm stirred up by the candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket. He then will speak in what is known as the Central West for a few days, and will come East and spend three or four days in New York State. Mr. Croker is said to believe sincerely that the Democrats can carry New York this year, and he has induced Mr. Bryan to campaign in the Empire State, and forego some of the dates in the Central West.

Governor Roosevelt has returned to the prairie country in the far West from the mountains. He has been through the mountain regions in Montana, Idaho, and Colorado, and has spoken in the hot-bed of free silver in the West in 1896, the southern counties of Wyoming. He is now in Kansas and Nebraska. Everywhere he has been greeted by enormous crowds, and, with the exception of Victor, Colorado, where he was mobbed, it is no exaggeration to say that he has stirred up a tremendous amount of enthusiasm in the West, where for various reasons he is practically idolized. His plain mannerisms and his sincere ways of "mixing" with the masses have increased the admiration for him in the far West, where such open-hearted and open-handed and frank methods are appreciated more than anywhere else in the country. Mr. Roosevelt has taken horseback rides across the country wherever he had the opportunity, has gone bathing in Salt Lake and in various bathing establishments in the West, has eaten a ranchman's dinner from a table covered with oil-cloth and with tin plates and cups and plain knives and forks as the table adornments. He has gossiped with the railroad engineers and other employees, has shaken hands with all who came, and, withal, has preserved a dignity that has been characterized by absolute sincerity on his part, and is in entire keeping with the dignified part he is called upon to play in the campaign. The Republican managers say his speeches have been convincing, and as a result there is a spirit of confidence in the Republican National Headquarters of carrying almost all of the far Western States.

The demands for Mr. Hanna as a campaign speaker continue. He has spoken before the German-Americans in Chicago, and has made a speech in Cooper Union, New York, all within a few days. Mr. Hanna is not an orator in any sense, but he is what might be called a very "direct speaker." In all of his public addresses he gains friends. He has a way of talking bluntly to his audience, and has surprised many of his intimate acquaintances with his gift of repartee. He was interrupted repeatedly in his speeches in Chicago and New York, and invariably his replies strengthened his hold upon his hearers. There has been a large demand for his services in the far West, and he may give up a few days of the campaign to speaking in such States as Nebraska, Kansas, and South Dakota.

RICHARD CROKER has passed the word along to the Tammany subordinates that when Mr. Bryan speaks in Madison Square Garden, on October 17, there must be the greatest political demonstration that New York city ever saw. Undoubtedly Mr. Croker's wishes will be carried out, and Mr. Bryan will receive a tumultuous welcome, one that will be in violent contrast to that which marked his appearance in Madison Square Garden in 1896. The Garden is to be packed to the doors, and word has been sent to the Tammany leaders that no one must leave the building except under necessity. Cooper Union has been selected as a subsidiary base for the oratory of the evening, and Mr. Bryan will make a triumphant journey from Madison Square Garden to Cooper Union, speaking at every street corner for the twenty blocks of the journey. Orders have been sent out that the Tammany election district captains must turn out at least twenty voters for every election district to line the way of the triumphant ride. Hundreds of thousands of spectators undoubtedly will be attracted by the demonstration, and there is little doubt but that Mr. Bryan will receive an ovation such as was never given to a candidate in any city of the country. There will be brass bands at every corner, and calcium lights and stereopticon displays and cart-tail oratory and banners and transparencies, and in addition the cheers of the populace will roll in thundering volume from corner to corner. There is no doubt that Mr. Croker will make it the most spectacular event of the kind in which Tammany Hall or any other political organization ever participated. The Republicans say the artificial character of the demonstration will be so apparent that the effect of this outpouring of the people will not be felt seriously at the polls. Mr. Bryan will have no cause to charge the New York city Democrats with apathy, and if he does not carry the city or the State it will not be for lack of effort on the part of his supporters in New York State. The Republicans are not seriously alarmed over the prospect, and it is given out at Republican headquarters that Mr. McKinley's plurality in New York State will be at least 100,000, notwithstanding the tremendous demonstration that Mr. Croker may engineer in behalf of Mr. Bryan.

AN interesting incident of the campaign has been the assertion made by Chairman Hanna of the Republican Committee that in case of Mr. Bryan's election Mr. Croker would have at least one and possibly two cabinet offices at his disposal. There was an intimation that Mr. Croker might desire to occupy one of these places himself, for the honor of the thing, or that he might place some one else in that official position and seek the United States Senatorship for himself. There is no doubt that the word has been passed along among Tammany people that the national patronage is to go to Tammany Hall in the event of Mr. Bryan's election, and in Republican circles the assertion is made with absolute positiveness that Chairman Jones of the Democratic National Committee has promised that Tammany shall have all the spoils of office in this State. Chairman Jones has not denied the assertions of such a promise, but Mr. Bryan has declared emphatically that he has not given a promise of office to any man, and that if elected he will enter upon the duties of the Presidency absolutely untrammelled, except so far as he is bound by the platform adopted at Kansas City. Mr. Bryan did not assert that Chairman Jones has not made such a promise to Mr. Croker, and Mr. Croker dismissed the subject by referring to it as one of "Hanna's nightmares." At all events, whatever was the justification for Mr. Hanna's assertion, there seems to be no doubt in any one's mind that if Mr. Bryan is elected he will have to do business politically in New York State with Tammany Hall, and that if he should adopt any other course, in view of the tremendous demonstrations that Mr. Croker is planning on Mr. Bryan's behalf, it would be the basest kind of political ingratitude.

THE party managers on each side are now engaged in studying industriously the political outlook. Polls are being taken in various centres and communities to try to catch, so far as possible, the drift of the campaign. Various State and county and township chairmen are beginning to send in reports, and these reports are colored according to the political glasses their authors wear. For example, the Democrats of Chicago are asserting that they will carry that city by about 45,000 plurality. The polls which they have taken in various parts of the city, they assert, seem to indicate a plurality of that extent. On the other hand, the Republican managers in the city declare that they have had satisfactory assurances from the polls they have taken that McKinley will carry the city by about the same plurality as he did in 1896—56,000. The disinterested reader and the unbiassed man may take his choice of figures. It is noteworthy, however, of the Chicago situation that Mr. Bryan's campaigning dates in Illinois have been curtailed to some extent and the time given to New York, because of the belief, it is said, that Mr. Bryan will be unable to carry Illinois. The poll taken by the Republicans of Indiana, the party managers insist, shows that Mr. McKinley will have a greater plurality in that State than in 1896, and the assertion is made that the increase will not be less than five per cent. In Ohio the Republicans assert that the plurality will be much larger than in 1896, and that the large vote polled by Mayor Jones of Toledo for Governor last year in Ohio, on a semi-Socialistic platform, will disappear in the enthusiasm of a national campaign, and that a large number of Mr. Jones's supporters will go to the Republican ticket because of the good times and prosperity, which are general not only in Ohio, but throughout the Middle West.

The Democrats of Montana have divided into the Daly and Clark factions, and each side will probably have a State ticket in the campaign. The Clark men have already nominated such a ticket, and have endeavored to form a fusion with the Labor party there. The Populists have joined with the Clark Democrats, but the Labor people still hold off. The Republicans expect to profit by this dissension in the Democratic party of that State, and the assertion is made that Montana will go Republican in consequence of the schism. The Connecticut Democrats have nominated Judge Samuel L. Bronson, of New Haven, for Governor. The platform is confined largely to a discussion of State issues, and Imperialism is recognized as the "paramount issue." The Republicans of Brooklyn Borough have followed the example of those of Manhattan, and have had a tremendous McKinley night to open the campaign in the Kings County end of New York city. Former Senator David B. Hill has opened the Democratic campaign in New York State by a speech in Elmira, Mr. Hill's former home. He was introduced by John B. Stanchfield, of Elmira, the Democratic candidate for Governor. Mr. Hill declared that Mr. Stanchfield was not Mr. Croker's man. Mr. Hill was strong on the anti-Imperialism cry. He pronounced the liberties of the people in danger, and said that extravagance in public office was increasing. The breach between Mr. Hill and Mr. Croker has not been healed, but as a concession to Mr. Hill's wounded feelings, the result of his defeat by Mr. Croker, Mr. Hill's picture, which was removed in a very marked manner from the State Democratic Headquarters, has reappeared on the wall of the Democratic rooms without ostentatious ceremony. The Republicans have been canvassing the business men of the South as to their real views of the situation, and find that while in obedience to Southern traditions and local sentiment, aroused chiefly over the negro question, these men almost invariably say frankly that they will vote for Mr. Bryan, they are for Mr. McKinley privately, and hope that the Republican ticket will win, because they are convinced that the prosperity of the South is dependent upon the continuance of the present commercial relations.

THE betting fever on the election has subsided in the money centres, but it is announced that a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, New York, has $100,000 to bet against $50,000 that McKinley will win. The Democrat experts in wagers assert that the rate of betting should be $100,000 to $40,000, and the $100,000 lump of money available for wagers is still in the vault where it has been lying. A novelty in campaigning, especially by a Democratic leader, was the trip that Mr. Bryan took in the country round about his home—Lincoln, Nebraska—in an automobile on September 22. It is announced that Mr. Bryan's trip through Indiana will lie largely along the labor centres. Mr. Bryan will discuss trusts for the benefit of the working-men whom he may meet. Chairman Edmiston of the Populist Committee has challenged Chairman Hanna of the Republican National Committee to a joint debate. Mr. Hanna has not replied. Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, who in 1892 raised her voice for General Weaver as the Populist candidate for the Presidency and who in 1896 was one of Mr. Bryan's most ardent campaigners, has joined the Republican ranks, and will stump the far West for McKinley. It is understood that she has come out for McKinley because of the expansion issue. Numerous Democrats of importance in their various commonwealths have declared for Mr. McKinley, probably the most important one of whom during the recent week has been Allan McLane, of Baltimore, of the famous McLane family of that State. President Theodore Shaafer, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, has come out for McKinley. The wage scale of that association was signed recently, and 60,000 men who had been idle for several weeks resumed work.

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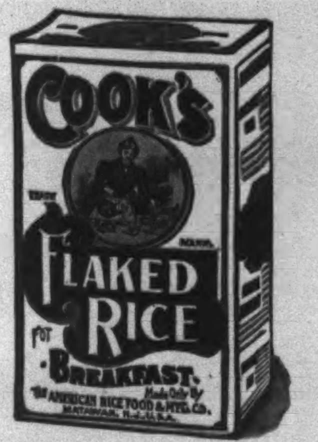

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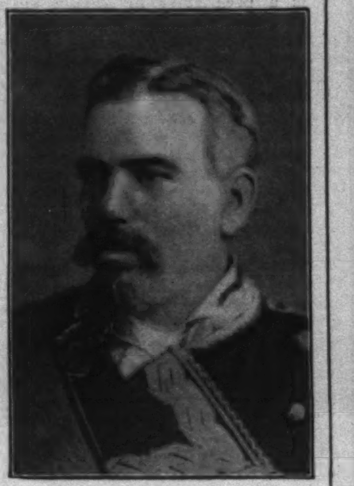

Martinez Campos

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, who died in Spain on September 23, was best known and most respected in this country as the Spanish general who preceded Weyler as Captain-General in Cuba. He was superseded by Weyler because the Spanish government considered his methods of warfare too humane to be effective, and hoped that the more violent severities that Weyler was willing to introduce would save Cuba to Spain. Throughout his life General Campos was a friend to Cuba, and the wisest adviser on Cuban matters that Spain had. His life was exceedingly active and crowded with change and peril. He was born in 1834, the son of a Spanish general, received a military education, and served in Morocco in 1859. In 1864 he went to Cuba as colonel, and staid six years. Returning to Spain, he served against the Carlists. He opposed the republic which followed the abdication of Amadeo, and was imprisoned for a time, but was out again against the Carlists in 1874, and soon after took the leading part in bringing Alfonso XII. to the Spanish throne. Then he soon ended the civil war, and was made Captain-General in the Spanish army. In 1877 he went to Cuba as Commander-in-Chief of the army, and ended the war, partly by victories, partly by concessions. When on his return to Spain he could not secure the fulfilment of the promises he had made to the Cubans he resigned his places of Minister of War and President of the Council. He continued, however, high in influence and often in office until 1895, when he went to Cuba to put down the new insurrection, but favoring concessions and pacific measures, he was recalled in January, 1896. Though his advice was not trusted in Cuban concerns, he continued to be Governor of Madrid and chief adviser to the Queen. He was a remarkable soldier, and for forty years was one of the great men of Spain, a statesman and a patriot, who withheld nothing that he could offer from the service of his country.

Female Suffrage in the United States

FOUR States have given to women unlimited political freedom, these States being Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho. The women of all these States, except Idaho, have already had the privilege of voting in a Presidential election. The women of Idaho voted in the State election of 1898, but this year will be their first chance to vote for a Presidential ticket. There is considerable difference of opinion among those who have kept close watch upon this feature of American political life as to the value of the female vote to public institutions and as to the real appreciation in which it is held by those who exercise it.

In the Presidential election of 1896 a large proportion of the women of Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming went to the polls and cast a ballot. A much smaller number exercised this right in 1898, and there is a decided apathy among the women of these States as to the outcome of the election this year; in fact, this apathy is so marked that it is not believed over fifty per cent. of the women will vote at all. If the question of female suffrage was resubmitted to a vote of the people of those States in which it now prevails, it would probably carry by a considerable majority again, but this would be due to the fact that the women themselves would have a vote in this resubmission, which they did not have when the question was originally passed upon.

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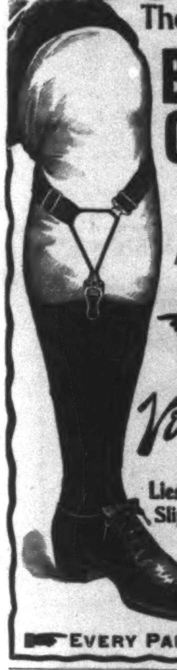

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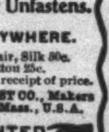

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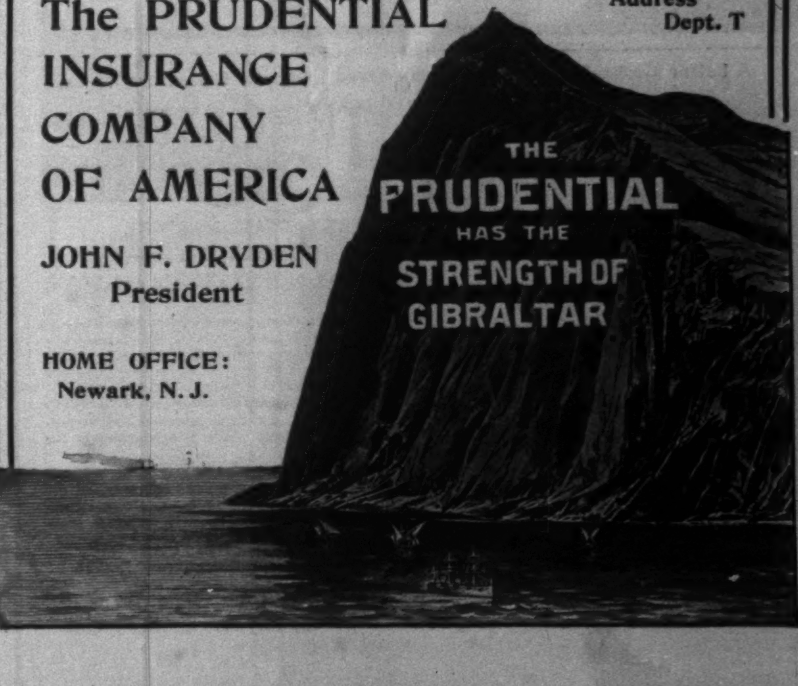

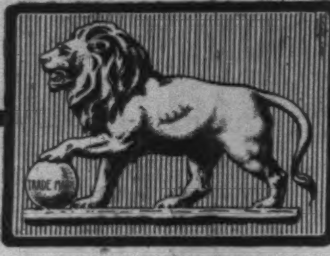

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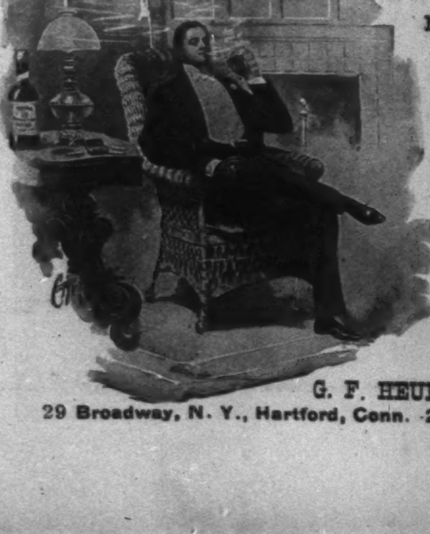

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It is a peculiarity of human nature, possibly most strongly developed in female human nature, to retain all privileges which are accorded, whether there be any desire to exercise them or not. It is undoubtedly true that a large number of men who favored female suffrage when it was first adopted, would now vote against it, as many of these men believe that a disturbing and uncertain element has been introduced into the politics of these States, the good results of which are not sufficiently marked in compensation.

There is no doubt but that better order is preserved at the primaries, in the conventions, and at the polling-booths owing to the presence of women. It is also unquestionably true that all political parties in selecting candidates for their tickets are governed by a desire to appeal to the best moral sense of the community in the matter of the personal character of their nominee. It has been the experience of practical politicians who have endeavored to benefit by the female vote that the latter is governed more by sentiment than by reason. It has also been demonstrated that the addition of the female to the male vote merely increases the various party totals in a proportionate degree.

There has always been a certain element among the women strongly opposed to female suffrage. This element is composed of those who find a fully rounded life in the exercise of domestic duties. These women did not take advantage of the ballot even when it was first given to them. There is another large percentage of the female vote which went to the polls the first time they were opened to them and cast a ballot in full enjoyment of the novelty of the occasion. The novelty has now worn off, and the greater number of these women have abandoned all pretence of interest in politics to such an extent that few of them have registered this year. The active female politicians are those who naturally take an interest in public affairs and who in years gone by have been the leaders of clubs and associations so plentiful in all cities. It is found also that there are just as eager office-seekers among the women as there are among the men, and the bestowal of the suffrage upon their sex has led to increased recognition of their services and consequently increased activity on their part in public affairs.

In 1896 the women of Colorado voted for Mr. Bryan's electoral ticket, following the lead of their male advisers, and deeply affected by the sentimental interest in the silver cause and its leader, which was widespread throughout the mining States four years ago. In Wyoming the female vote was largely Republican, as nearly all of the women of the rural districts were more or less interested in the prosperity of the sheep industry, and hence in favor of protection. In Utah, in 1896, the women voted the Democratic ticket, under the leadership of the Mormon Church, for it is found in that State that the women constitute the strongest bulwark of Church institutions, and, strange as it may appear, many of them have been the most obstinate defenders of the institution of polygamy.

It is in the local and school elections where the women take the keenest interest and where their influence is most marked in determining results. When an election is a neighborhood affair, or where the welfare of the children is concerned, the women voters of these Western States are determined, aggressive, and strongly partisan. It has been noticed, however, that with them the personality of the candidate is generally the issue, and not his supposed ability or lack of ability in the administration of public affairs.

Female suffrage owes its establishment to the Populist party, assisted in a lesser degree by the Republican party. As a rule the straight Democrats have been opposed to allowing the women to vote. A study of the election returns throughout these States when the question was submitted shows that Populist communities gave a majority for female suffrage, about one-half of the Republican communities voted in favor of it, and scarcely a single Democratic community gave it a majority.

J. D. Whelpley.

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BOTH the financial and the political equilibrium has been somewhat disturbed by the widespread strike of miners in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and both financial and political influence has been exerted to bring it to an end. The peculiarity of this strike has been that it was ordered by an organization made up chiefly of bituminous coal miners, whose field of labor is in several States farther west, and that its nominal purpose was to secure the redress

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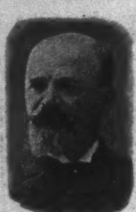

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of grievances which were not general even in the anthracite district, but purely local, and affecting comparatively few of the miners. Those who had no complaint to make against their own employers were called out with the rest, and with comparatively few exceptions they came out.

The primary object of the strike, however, was not to secure a remedy for specific grievances, but to compel a recognition of the United Mine-Workers of America as a general union of all coal-miners, and it made a demand for a general arbitration of all existing differences based upon a list of demands presented by the executive board of the organization. It had sent emissaries into districts where complaints were made and organized local unions, which had presented the demands in the first instance, not to the employers complained against, but to the central union that was seeking recognition. When the strike was ordered hardly a tenth of the anthracite miners were members of the United Mine-Workers, but many joined them to get the benefit of their support. The strike originated in the Lackawanna and Wyoming districts, and was quite general there from the start, but it took a week or two to get the men of the Schuylkill district into it, and some of them held out against coercion and intimidation to the end. Many of the operators expressed a willingness to confer with committees of their own employés and to submit difference to arbitration, but all refused to recognize the union, which was controlled by bituminous miners, with headquarters in Indiana, or to take part in a general arbitration covering the whole region.

The trouble caused an interruption of traffic on the coal roads and affected the price of the stocks of companies owning them, and produced a considerable advance in the price of hard coal. It also caused some local disorders, and necessitated calling out the Pennsylvania militia, and there was apprehension of political effect adverse to the Republican party. This occasioned strenuous efforts to secure a settlement of the difficulty by liberal concessions to the workmen by the operators, without a recognition of the right of the United Mine-Workers to speak for them.

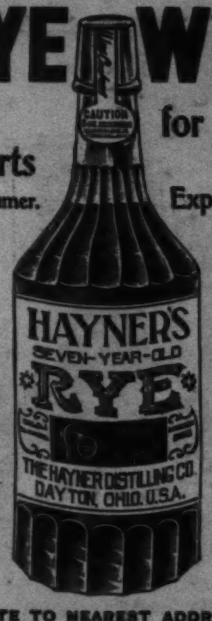
The drain of money from New York to the West and South to aid in moving the crops of grain and cotton has depleted the reserves of the Eastern banks without materially affecting the loan-market. The current to the South has been unusually heavy on account of the high price of cotton, which has held close to ten cents a pound. The rate for call loans was hardly affected at all, large balances continuing to be at command in the local market, but there was a slight advance of interest on loans for sixty days and more and of discount on commercial paper. The comparative ease of the money-market in spite of foreign loans and the movement of funds to the interior is generally attributed to the disposition of those having new business and enterprises in view to wait until after the election. It is said that if Bryan should be elected many of these enterprises would be abandoned or held in abeyance. General business activity is more or less held in check by doubt or distrust in the political situation, but bankers generally predict with some confidence that there is to be an increased demand and higher rates for loans very soon.

The iron and steel situation continues to be unsettled, though a conference of steel rail manufacturers to fix the price of rails at $26 a ton is taken as indicating a general adjustment of steel prices on a new basis. Steel rails had been held at $35, the price to which they had advanced from about $20, under the impetus of the great demand of last year and the year before. The result was a complete cessation of orders and the exhaustion of the supply furnished under old contracts. Prices of pig-iron and bar and structural steel had been irregular, but were believed to be near bottom, but renewed activity in iron and steel is still delayed.

The stock-market continues irregular and dull, except as spasmodically affected from day to day by temporary influences. Dealings increased slightly, but are still confined mostly to the professional traders.

The South-African war is pretty well out of the calculation as a factor in financial markets, even in London, but the Chinese complication rather increases with the necessity for bringing about a settlement of accounts with an inaccessible and uncertain government. London finds a special relief in the ending of the Boer war because of the prospect for reopening the Rand mines and resuming the flow of gold from that source, which a year ago had attained nearly nine million dollars a month.

PURE RYE WHISKEY
4 Full Quarts for $3.20
Direct from Distiller to Consumer. Express Charges Prepaid,



Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration. If you want pure Whiskey, our offer will interest you.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Our Distillery was established in 1866. We have enjoyed 33 years' continual growth until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey, which is an evidence of true merit. We give you absolutely pure Whiskey at the lowest possible cost. Such Whiskey as we offer for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.

References—Third National Bank, Dayton, State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis, or any of the Express Companies.

Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., New Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight, prepaid.

WRITE TO NEAREST ADDRESS.
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO. 226-232 W. Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio. 305-307 S. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

WIRED ENVELOPES

"Pull Either Wire."

Same price as the old-fashioned ones.
Rush Orders
for large quantities solicited.

In addition to the wire these envelopes have every excellence in quality, finish, and printing.

Present Capacity, 1,500,000 Daily
(FACTORY WHEN COMPLETED WILL HAVE CAPACITY FOR 5,000,000 DAILY)

The largest envelope users in the country are seeing its merits and adopting it.
Already it is in use by such firms as:

Standard Oil Co.	Siegel-Cooper Co.	Postal Telegraph Cable Co.
American Tobacco Co.	Rogers, Peet & Co.	National Wall Paper Co.
Consolidated Card Co.	New York Journal	Norwich Union Insurance Co.
John Wanamaker	New York Times	Funk & Wagnalls Co.
W. & J. Sloane	New York Press	Cosmopolitan Magazine
Royal Insurance Co.	Swift Bros. & Co.	A. A. Vantine & Co.
Hanover Insurance Co.	Sir Thomas Lipton (Teas)	Steinway & Sons (Pianos)
Home Insurance Co.	Enoch Morgan's Sons Co. (Sapolio)	National Biscuit Co.
McClure's Magazine	Manhattan Elevated Ry. Co.	James Pyle & Sons (Pearline)
Century Magazine		

The list is larger than you care to read—over 5000. The point is this:
We want to include you in our list of patrons.
If your dealer says that he cannot get them, he is deceiving you in his own interest.

MUNN WIRED ENVELOPE CO.
133-135-137 Mulberry Street, New York.

Alois P. Swoboda teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy, and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION,
INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS,
NERVOUS EXHAUSTION
and revitalizes the whole body.

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical cond tion, individual instructions are given in each case.

Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 34-36 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILLS.

INDIGESTION.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Makes digestion easy. If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoon in half a glass of water will give quick relief.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

THE GEM. GUARANTEED No Headache, Baldness, Dandruff, or Gray Hair. A Purely Vegetable Scalp Brush.
USE LITTLE GEM AND DON'T BE BALLED
Mailed free on receipt of 50 cents, if not sold by your druggist.
Made by TROPICAL ROOT CO., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled, Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD. Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.
VELOUTINE
SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE
TOILET POWDER—CH. FAY, Inventor
9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS
150 Varieties. For Sale by all Stationers.

Every Esterbrook Pen Is Warranted.
Works, Camden, N. J. THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO. 26 John St., New York.